CANTVS.

MVSICA SACRA: TO Sixe Voyces.

Composed in the Italian tongue

BY

GIOVANNI CROCE.

Newly Englished.

IN LONDON
PRINTED BY THOMAS ESTE,
the assigne of William Barley.
1608.

To the vertuous Louers of *Musicke.*

THese Sonnets, *composed first most exquisitely in Italian by* Sior. Francesco Bembo *a Gentleman of Italie; were so admired of* Giouan. Croce, *one of the most excellent Musitians of the world; as well for their Poesie, as Pietie (the Substance of them being drawen from those seauen notable Psalmes called Penetentials; indited by that Sweete Singer of Israel, inspired of the holie Spirit) as that hee thought it worthy of his skill in Musicke, to apply them to this Harmonie of Sixe parts; as well to honour their Author and his Composition, as to giue a profitable Delight vnto the vertuous. And my selfe often obseruing the generall applause giuen these Songs when I haue heard them soong, (though somtimes without the words) thought it would be verie gratefull to many of our English louers of Musick, if they were translated, or imitated in our tongue: the rather, because through their want of vnderstanding the Italian, they are depriued of a Chief part of their delight. For albeit that the verie concent of the Note may sweetly strike the outward sence of the eare; yet it is the Dittie, which conuayed with the Musicke to the intellectual Soule, by the Organs of hearing, that doth touch the hart, and stir the affections eyther to Iocondnes, or Sadnes, Leuitie, or Grauitie, according to the nature of the Composition: in which respect (especially) the articulate voice of man excelleth all other voices, and Instruments in the world. Besides I supposed, that the Scarcetie (not onely in our tongue, but in all other vulgars) of Musicke in this kinde, whereby men may be edified and God glorified, would make these the more acceptable; and peraduenture be a motiue to some of our excellent Musitians to dedicate their diuine skill to the Seruice of God, in Songs of this more Sanctified kinde In which respects; and for that I was encouraged thereto by some, Skilfull in this Arte: I haue aduentured to publish these (otherwise destinate to priuacie) vnto the view of the world: Although I am not Ignorant that in this curious age, it is likely to run the ordinary fortune (euen of more exact labours) vpon the Shelues of ridged censure: But the Gentle, will winck at small faults where they spie them: As for the Supercilious Critick if (after he haue compared them with the Originall) he dislike them: he may please him selfe, and doe them all better: But doe Yee accept them with a Sèrene browe, and vse them to the glory of God, and your Laudable and Christian delight. Fare yee well.*

Your well-willer

R. H.

FIRST SONNET

Ex Pſal. 6.

Ord, in thy wrath reproue mee not ſeuearly,
Nor puniſh me in thy deſeru'd diſpleaſure:
Haue mercy on my Sinns exceeding meaſure,
For full of feares, my Soule is vexed drearly.
Saue it (O Lord) Almightie-moſt Supernall,
Saue it (alas) from the'uer-neuer Dying:
For who in deepe Hell (and fierce Torments frying)
Shall ſing thy praiſe, or can extoll th'Eternall?
Long haue I Languiſht in my grieuous Sorrow's,
My bed and boſome, with my teares I water:
My foes Deſpight hath ploughd my face with furrows.
But (now my Soule) let the vngodly Scatter:
Hence yee wicked, ſith God (ſo gracious for vs)
Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter.

Ord in thy wrath reproue me not ſeuearly, (O) Lord,

Lord in thy wrath reproue me not: Lord in thy wrath re-

proue me not ſeuearly: Nor puniſh me in thy deſeru'd diſpleaſure: Haue mer-

cie on my Sins exceeding mea- ſure: For full of feares, my

Soule, my Soule is vex- ed drearly. Saue it O Lord Almightie: Saue it O

Lord Almightie-moſt Supernall: Saue it alas, from th'euer-neuer-neuer Dy-

ing: For who in deep Hell, and fierce Tor- ments frying, Shall ſing thy praiſe,

Shall ſing thy praiſe, or can extoll th'Eternall? or can extoll th'Eter- nall?

LOng haue I Languiſht in my grieuous Sorrow's: Long haue I Languiſht in my grieuous Sor- row's: My Bed,and boſom,with my tear's I wa- ter: My foes Deſpight hath plow'd my face with furrow's, My foes Deſpight hath plow'd my face, hath plow'd my face with furrow's. But now my Soule,my Soule: But now my Soule, But now my Soule let th'ungodly Scatter: Hence,hence ye wicked; Sith God ſo gratio'us for vs, Sith God ſo gratio'us for vs: Hath heard my moan,and doth regard my matter. and doth re- gard, regard my matter.

SECOND SONNET

Ex Pſal. 32.

BLeſſed are they, whoſe faults (ſo oft forbidden)
Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remiſsion:
And they whoſe Sinns (of Act and of Omiſsion)
Are not Imputed, but in mercy hidden.
Therefore my Crime I haue confeſt before thee;
Which graciouſly (my God) thou haſt forgiuen:
The more therefore I Laude thee (King of Heauen)
And all thy Saints ſhall in due time adore thee.
O thou my Refuge, and my Conſolation,
Deliuer me my God which art Almightie:
From Enemies that enuie my Saluation.
A many Rods purſue the Sinner (rightly)
But thoſe that place in thee their expectation,
Grace ſhall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

Lessed are they, whose faults so oft forbidden, Haue

free forgiuenes and a full remissi'on: Haue free forgiuenes and

full re- missi'on: And a full remis- si'on: And they whose

Sins of Act, And they whose Sins, whose Sins of Act, and of Omissi'on, are not Im-

puted, but in mercy, in mercy hidden. Therfore my Crime I haue confest before thee,

Which graci'ously (my God) thou hast forgiuen: The more therefore I Laude

thee (King of Heau'n) And all thy Saints shall in due time a-dore thee. And

all thy Saints shall in due time adore thee. In due time adore thee. adore thee.

Thou my Refuge, and my Conſo- la-ti'on, O

thou my Re- fuge, and Conſo-la- ti- on, De-

liuer me my God which art Almightie; Deliuer me my God, Deliuer

me my God which art Almightie, From Enemies, From Enemies that enuie

my Salua- ti'on, my Sal- uati'on. A many Rods purſue the Sinner

right- ly, But thoſe that place in thee, their Expectati'on, Grace ſhall embrace.

Grace ſhall embrace. Grace ſhall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly. Ioy

yee that walk vprightly. vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

THIRD SONNET

Ex Pſal. 38.

Ord, in thine Anger doe no more reprooue me,
Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrows;
For in my fleaſh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows:
Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes mooue me.
Sick, in it ſelfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languiſh:
Becauſe my Sins ſo Wholely ouercame mee,
Sorely afflicted, and all humbled am I;
And in my playnt, my hart Roars out for Anguiſh.
My Strength eu'n fail's me, and my Sight hath fled me,
And euery one Endeauours to vndoo mee,
But I as Deaf, the while with Dumbnes ſped me.
In thee I hope (my God) Ah liſten to me:
Ah, Leaue me not (thou that canſt beſt beſted me)
Thou my Saluation, and Comfort ſole vnto me.

L

Ord in thine Anger doe no more reproue me: Nor

in thy Furie multiplie my Sorrows: For in my fleash I Feele,

For in my fleash I Feele thy fearfull Arrows: Thy heauie hand doth vnto

Goodnes moue mee. Sick in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh, doth Sigh and Lan-

guish: Because my Sins so wholy ouer- came mee: Sorely afflicted, af-

flicted and all humbled am I; and all humbled am I; And in my playnt my-

hart Roars out, Roars out:

for an- guish. for an- guish.

MY Strength eu'n fail's, eu'n fail's me, My Strength eu'n fail's me: And my Sight, my Sight hath fled me, fled me, hath fled me, fled me: And eu'rie one Endeauours to vn- doo me; But I, as Deafned, the while with Dumbnes, Dumbnes sped me. In thee I hope (my GOD) Ah, Ah listen, to mee. Ah! Ah Leaue thou me not: Ah Leaue thou me not, Thou, my Salua- ti'on, thou my Saluati'on, and Comfort sole, and Comfort sole vnto mee. and Comfort, Comfort sole vnto me. and Comfort sole, and Comfort sole vnto mee.

FOVRTH SONNET

Ex Pſal. 51.

SHew mercy Lord on mee moſt haynous Sinner,
And mortifie my Sin ſo grieuous guiltie;
O cleanſe me from it, Purifie me Filthy;
For in thy ſight Lord I am onely Sinner.
In Sin (thou know'ſt) my Sinfull mother bore mee:
But O thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Cittie,
Waſh, waſh my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,
So ſhall no Snowe in whiteneſſe goe before mee.
Giue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;
And of thy Grace, and Face bereaue me neuer;
So ſhall I more adore thy Name and feare it,
And to thy Seruice more and more endeauour:
Sith broken harts (as doth thy Voice auer it)
Are th'only Sacrifice thou Ioy'ſt in euer.

Hew mercie Lord on me, on me, O Lord on me, most

haynous Sinner; And mortifie my Sin, my Sin so grieuous

guiltie: and Purifie me Filthy, and Purifie me Filthy, and Purifie me

Filthy: For in thy sight O Lord I am onely, onely Sinner. In Sin thou knowest

my Sinfull Mother bore me: Thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Citie, thou Guide vn-

to the heau'nly Cit- tie: Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy pittie; So shall no

Snow, no Snow, So shall no Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe be- fore me. in

whitenes goe before mee. In whitenes goe before mee.

Iue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit : an vntainted

Spi- rit, an vntainted Spirit : And of thy Grace and Face,

And of thy Grace and Face bereaue me ne- uer: neuer: bereaue me neuer :

So ſhall I more adore, So ſhall I more adore thy Name, and feare it: thy Name, and

feare it : thy Name and feare it : thy Name and feare it : And to thy Seruice

more and more, thy Seruice more and more, and more Endeauour: Sith broken harts as

doth thy voyce auer it : Sith broken harts as doth thy voyce a- uer it, Are th'only

Sacrifice, thou Ioyeſt in E- uer thou Ioyeſt in E- uer.

FIFT SONNET

Ex Pſal. 102.

HArken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,
Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger:
My Dayes doe vade as Smoak, my hart in Langor,
Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shu'nſt thou my Complaynings?
Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying:
In ſted of Bread I haue ben fed with Aſhes,
My Drinck my Tears; while I haue felt the Laſhes
Of thy fierce Wrath, for all mine often Crying.
All Kings and Nati'ons ſhall admire thy Glory,
When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendeſt;
It ſhall be Writ in an Eternall Story.
Ah! Leaue me not, Thou, thou that All Defendeſt,
That madeſt All (Heau'n, Earth, and Ocean hoarie)
That neuer didſt Begin, and neuer Endeſt.

Arken Lord vnto mine humble Play- nings; Hide

not thy face for euer in thine Anger: My Dayes doe vade,

doe vade as Smoak, doe vade as Smoak, My hart in Langor, Hyes (flyes)

to thee, Hyes (flyes) to thee, why Shun'ſt thou my Complaynings? Friends

haue I none, Friends haue I none, now from mee All are flying: In ſtead of

Bread, I haue ben fed, In ſtead of Bread, I haue ben fed with Aſhes, My Drinck my

Tear's; while I haue felt the Laſhes Of thy fierce Wrath, for all mine often Cryings.

LL Kings and Nati'ons, ſhall admi'er, ad-mi-er

thy Glo- ry, When thou the Sighs of th'humble: When

thou the Sighs of humble Soules attendeſt: It ſhall be Writ: It

ſhall be Writ: It ſhall be Writ in an Eternall Story, in an Eternall Story.

Ah Leaue me not thou; Thou that All Defen- deſt, that all Defen-

deſt: That madeſt All, That madeſt All, That madeſt All (Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an

and Oce'an hoarie) That neuer didſt Begin, and neuer Endeſt. and neuer En- deſt.

SIXT SONNET

Ex Pſal. 102.

FRom profound CENTER of my hart I cryed
To thee O Lord, LORD let thine EARE draw neer mee,
To note my MOVRNINGS, and quick-quickly heare mee;
Heare my Sad GRONES, to thy Sweet GRACE applyed.
LORD, if thou looke with RIGOVR downe into Vs,
To mark our SIN, O who ſhall then abide it?
But, if with PARDON thou bee pleas'd to hide it
(If MERCY thou Vouchſafe) What ſhall Vndoo Vs?
Vpon thy WORD my SOVLE hath firmly reared
Her Tower of TRVST, there is my HOPE poſſeſſed;
With thee is MERCY, that thou maiſt bee feared;
MERCY, for thoſe that are in SOVLE depreſſed,
ISRAELS Redeemer, Whom thou haſt endeered
Becom's through thee, of SINNER, SAINT and BLESSED.

Rom Profound Center of my hart, of my hart: to

thee I cri'ed, to thee I cri'ed O Lord, Lord let thine

eare draw neere me, To note my mourning; and quickly heare me, and quickly heare

me: Heare my Sad Grones to thy Sweet Grace applyed. to thy Sweet Grace

apply'ed. Lord, if thou looke with Rigor down into vs, to mark our Sins, O

who ſhall then abide it? O who ſhall then abide, abide it? But if thou be

pleas'd, with pardon thou be pleas'd, bee pleas'd to hide it, (if thou Mer-

cie vouchſafe) if thou Mercy vouchſafe, if thou Mercy vouchſafe, What

ſhall vndoo Vs? vndoo Vs? what ſhall vndoo Vs?

Pon thy Word my Soule, hath firmely reared her Tower of Truſt, there is my Hope poſſeſſed; for with thee, is Mercy that thou maiſt be fear'd; thou maiſt be feared: Mercy for thoſe, Mercy for thoſe, that are in Soule depreſſed, In Soule depreſſed. Iſ-ra-els Redeemer, Whom thou haſt endeer'd, endeered, Becom's through thee, of Sinner, Saint and Bleſſed. of Sinner, Saint and Bleſſed. and Bleſſed. of Sinner, Saint, of Sinner, Saint and Bleſſed. of Sinner, Saint and Bleſſed.

SEAVENTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 143.

Isten O LORD vnto my Prostrate PRAYER,
Nor into IVDGMENT with thy Seruant enter:
For who is IVST? The foule infernall TEMPTER
Pursues my SOVLE with Terrors of DESPAYRE.
My hart's all inly Vext. Yet I apply'd mee
To waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obserued,
But to thy MERCY the Chiefe place reserued?
Then Shew my SIN, and in thy Seruice guide mee.
Succour mee LORD, Saue mee with expedition,
My SPIRIT fainteth: therefore mine affection,
My MINDE, my SOVLE, I lift (with all Submission)
To thee my LORD, my GOD, and my protection:
Draw mee from DANGER vnder thy Tuition,
For I thy Seruant am by thine Election.

Listen, Listen O Lord, Listen, Listen O Lord vnto my

Prostrate pray- er: Nor into Iudgment with thy Seruant

enter: For who is Iust? For who is Iust? The foule In-fernall Tempter

pursues my Soule with terrors of De- spay'r: My hart's all

inly vexed, My hart's all inly vexed, all inly vex-ed. Yet I apply'd

me to waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obser- ued: But to thy Mercy,

but to thy Mercy the Chief place reserued: the Chief place reser-

ued: Then Shew my Sin, my Sin, Then shew my Sin, my Sin, Then shew

my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide mee.

Vccour me Lord, Saue me with expediti'on, with expe-

di- ti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therefore mine af-

fec- ti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therefore mine affec- ti'on, My

Minde, my Soule, My Minde my Soule I lift with all Submissi'on: To thee my Lord, my

God, my God and my Protec- ti'on: and my Protecti'on: Draw me from

Danger vnder thy Tu-i-ti'on; For I thy Seruant am, For I thy Seruant am

by thine Electi'on. by thine, by thine Electi'on. by thine Elec-

ti'on.

FINIS.

ALTVS.

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Fare yee well.

Your well-willer

R. H.

FIRST SONNET

Ex Pſal. 6.

LOrd, in thy wrath reproue mee not ſeuearly,
Nor puniſh me in thy deſeru'd diſpleaſure:
Haue mercy on my Sinns exceeding meaſure,
For full of feares, my Soule is vexed drearly.
Saue it (O Lord) Almightie moſt Supernall,
Saue it (alas) from the'uer-neuer Dying:
For who in deepe Hell (and fierce torments frying)
Shall ſing thy praiſe, or can extoll th'Eternall?
Long haue I languiſht in my grieuous Sorrow's,
My bed and boſome, with my teares I water:
My foes deſpight hath ploughd my face with furrows.
But (now my Soule) let the vngodly ſcatter:
Hence yee wicked, ſith God (ſo gracious for vs)
Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter.

LOrd in thy wrath reproue me not ſeuearly,not ſe-

uearly, Lord in thy wrath reproue me not ſeuearly, Nor

puniſh me in thy deſeru'd diſplea- ſure: Haue mercie, Haue mer- cie

on my ſinns exceeding meaſure: For full of feares,my Soule is vex- ed

dreарly.Saue it O Lord Almightie,Saue it O Lord Almightie-moſt,ſupernall,

Saue it Lord, Saue it, alas,from th'euer-neuer Dying: For who in deep Hell,

and fierce tor- ments frying, Shall ſing thy praiſe, or can extoll th'Eternall? or

can extoll th'Eternall? ex-tol th'Eter- nall?

LOng haue I Languiſht in my grieuous Sorrow's, my grie- uous Sorrow's, My bed,and boſom, with my tear's I wa- ter : My foes Deſpight hath plow'd my face, My foes Deſpight hath plow'd my face, My foes Deſpight, My foes Deſpight hath plow'd my face with furrow's. But now my Soule : But now my Soule let th'ungodly Scatter : Hence,hence ye wicked, Sith God ſo gratio'us for vs,Sith God ſo gratio'us,God ſo gratio'us for vs : hath heard my moan,and doth regard my matter, and doth regard, regard my matter.

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BLeſſed are they, whoſe faults (ſo oft forbidden)
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And all thy Saints ſhall in due time adore thee.
O thou my Refuge, and my Conſolation,
Deliuer me my God which art Almightie:
From Enemies that enuie my Saluation.
A many Rods purſue the Sinner (rightly)
But thoſe that place in thee their expectation,
Grace ſhall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

Leſſed are they, whoſe faults ſo oft for-bidden, whoſe

faults ſo oft for-bid- den, Haue free forgiuenes and

full remiſsi'on: Haue free forgiuenes and a full remiſsi'on: And they whoſe Sins

of Act, And they whoſe ſinns, whoſe ſinns of Act, and of Omiſsi'on are not imputed,

but in mercy hidden. Therefore my crime I haue confeſt before thee, which

graci'ouſly (my God) thou haſt for-gi-uen: The more therefore I Laude thee

(King of Heau'n) And all thy Saints, thy Saints, And all thy Saints ſhall in

due time: All thy Saints ſhall in due time adore thee.

Thou my Refuge and my Conſo-la- ti'on,

and Conſo-la- ti'on, and Conſo-la-

ti'on, Deliuer me my God, Deliuer me my God, Deliuer me my God which

art Almightie: Almightie: From Enemies that enuie my Saluati'on.

my Sal- uati'on. A many Rods purſue the Sinner right- ly; But thoſe that

place in thee their Expectati'on, Grace ſhall embrace. Grace ſhall embrace. Grace

ſhall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly. vprightly. Ioy yee that

walk vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vp- rightly.

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Ah, Leaue me not (thou that canſt beſt beſted me)
Thou my Saluation, and Comfort ſole vnto me.

LOrd in thine Anger doe no more reproue me : Nor in thy Furie multiplie my Sor- row's : For in my Fleash, I feele; For in my Fleash I feele thy fearfull Arrows; Thy heauie hand doth vn- to goodneſſe moue me. Sick, in it ſelfe my Soule doth Sigh and Lan- guiſh : doth Sigh and Lan- guiſh : Becauſe my Sins ſo wholely ouer- came me : Sorely afflicted, afflicted, and all humbled am I : and all humbled am I : And in my plaint my hart Roars out, Roars out, Roars out, Roars out, Roars out, for an- guiſh. for an- guiſh.

MY Strength eu'n fail's, eu'n fail's me: And

my Sight, my Sight hath fled me, hath fled me, fled me,

hath fled me, fled me, And eu'rie one Endeauours to vn- doo me:

But I, as Deafned, the while with Dumbnes, Dumbnes sped me. In thee

I hope (my GOD) Ah listen, listen, Ah listen to mee. Ah, Ah leaue

thou me not: Ah leaue thou me not, Thou, my Saluati- on: thou my Saluati-

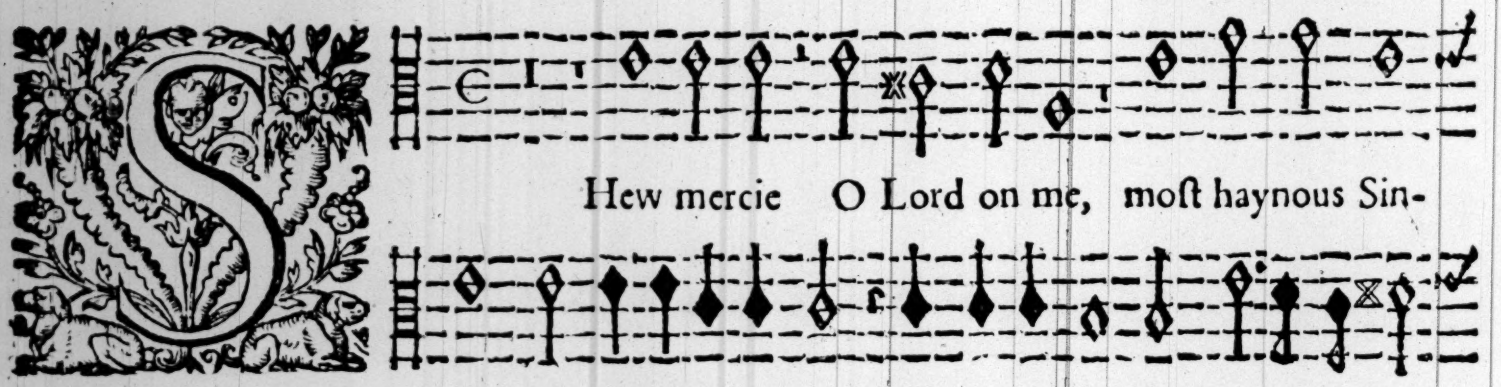
on, and Comfort sole vnto me: and Comfort sole: and Comfort sole vn- to mee:

and Comfort sole vnto mee.

FOVRTH SONNET

Ex Pſal. 51.

Hew mercy Lord on mee moſt haynous Sinner,
And mortifie my Sin ſo grieuous guiltie;
O cleanſe me from it, Purifie me Filthy;
For in thy ſight Lord I am onely Sinner.
In Sin (thou know'ſt) my Sinfull mother bore mee:
But O thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Cittie,
Waſh, waſh my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,
So ſhall no Snowe in whiteneſſe goe before mee.
Giue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;
And of thy Grace, and Face bereaue me neuer;
So ſhall I more adore thy Name and feare it,
And to thy Seruice more and more endeauour:
Sith broken harts (as doth thy Voice auer it)
Are th'only Sacrifice thou Ioy'ſt in euer.


Shew mercie O Lord on me, most haynous Sin-
ner; And mortifie my Sin, my Sin so grieuous guil-
tie: O cleanse me from it, and Purifie me Filthy, and Purifie me, Purifie me
Filthy: For in thy sight O Lord I am onely Sinner. In Sin thou knowest
my Sinfull Mother bore me: But O thou Guide, thou Guide, thou Guide vnto the
heau'nly, heau'nly Cittie, Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy pittie; So shall no
Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe before me. So shall no Snow, no Snow, So shall no
Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe before me. In whitenes goe before mee.

Iue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit : an vntainted

an vntainted Spirit : And of thy Grace and Face bereare

me neuer : And of thy Grace and Face bereaue me neuer ; So ſhall I more adore,

So ſhall I more adore thy name, thy name and feare it : thy name, thy name

and feare it : thy name and feare it : And to, And to thy Seruice more and more In-

deauour : Sith broken harts, as doth thy voyce auer it : Sith broken harts as

doth thy voyce auer it, Are th'only Sacrifice, thou Ioyeſt in E- uer.

thou Ioyeſt in euer.

FIFT SONNET

Ex Pſal. 102.

HArken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,
Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger:
My Dayes doe vade as Smoak, my hart in Langor:
Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shu'nſt thou my Complaynings?
Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying:
In ſted of Bread I haue ben fed with Aſhes,
My Drinck my Tears; while I haue felt the Laſhes
Of thy fierce Wrath, for all mine often Crying.
All Kings and Nati'ons ſhall admire thy Glory,
When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendeſt;
It ſhall be Writ in an Eternall Story.
Ah! Leaue me not, Thou, thou that All Defendeſt,
That madeſt All; (Heau'n, Earth, and Ocean hoarie;)
That neuer didſt Begin, and neuer Endeſt.

Arken Lord vnto mine humble Playnings; Hide

not thy face for euer in thine Anger: My Dayes doe vade,

doe vade as Smoak, doe vade as Smoak, My hart in Langor, Hyes

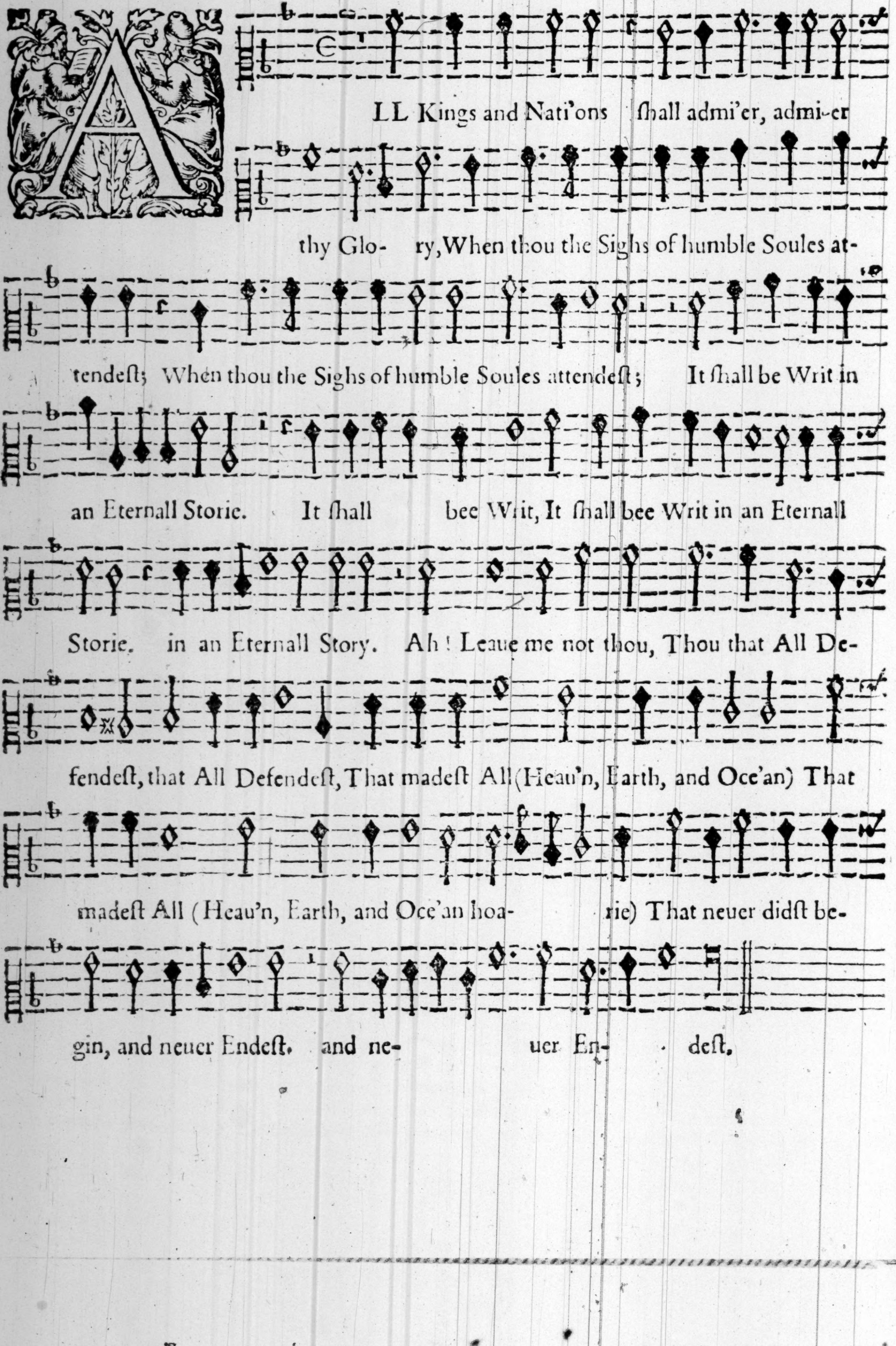
(flyes) to thee, Hyes (flyes) to thee, why Shun'st thou my Complayn'ings? Friends

haue I none, Friends haue I none, now from me All are flying: In stead of

Bread, of Bread, In stead of Bread, I haue ben fed, I haue ben fed with A- shes,

My Drinck my Tear's; while I haue felt the Lashes Of thy fierce Wrath, while

I haue felt the Lashes Of thy fierce Wrath, for all, for all mine often Cryings.


ALL Kings and Nati'ons shall admi'er, admi-er
thy Glo- ry, When thou the Sighs of humble Soules at-
tendest; When thou the Sighs of humble Soules attendest; It shall be Writ in
an Eternall Storie. It shall bee Writ, It shall bee Writ in an Eternall
Storie. in an Eternall Story. Ah! Leaue me not thou, Thou that All De-
fendest, that All Defendest, That madest All (Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an) That
madest All (Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an hoa- rie) That neuer didst be-
gin, and neuer Endest. and ne- uer En- dest.

SIXT SONNET

Ex Pſal. 102.

FRom profound CENTER of my hart I cryed
To thee O Lord, LORD let thine EARE draw neer mee,
To note my MOVRNINGS, and quick-quickly heare mee;
Heare my Sad GRONES, to thy Sweet GRACE applyed.
LORD, if thou looke with RIGOVR downe into VS,
To mark our SIN, O who ſhall then abide it?
But, if with PARDON thou bee pleas'd to hide it
(If MERCY thou Vouchſafe) What ſhall Vndoo VS?
Vpon thy WORD my SOVLE hath firmly reared
Her Tower of TRVST, there is my HOPE poſſeſsed;
With thee is MERCY, that thou maiſt bee feared;
MERCY, for thoſe that are in SOVLE depreſsed,
ISRAELS Redeemer, Whom thou haſt endeered
Beecom's through thee, of SINNER, SAINT and BLESSED.

Rom Profound Center of my hart, of my hart to thee I

cri'ed, I cri'ed, to thee I cri'ed O Lord, Lord let thine eare draw

neere me, To note my mourning, to note my mourning; and quickly heare me : and

quickly heare me : Heare my Sad Groning to thy Sweet Grace, to thy Sweet Grace

apply- ed : to thy Sweet Grace applyed. Lord if thou looke with Rigor down into

Vs, to mark our Sin, our Sin, O who shal then abide it? Who shal then abide

it ? But if with pardon thou be pleas'd to hide it, be pleas'd to hide it. (If

thou Mercy vouchsafe) what shal vndoo Vs? what shal vndoo Vs? if thou Mercy vouch-

safe, if thou Mercy vouchsafest, what shal vndoo, vndoo vs ? what shall vn- doo Vs?

Pon thy Word my Soule, vpon thy Word my

Soule hath firmely Rea- red her Tower of Truſt,

there is my Hope poſſeſſed; for with thee, with thee is Mercy that thou maiſt be fea-

red; Mercy, for thoſe that are in Soule depreſ- ſed, in Soule de-

preſ- ſed. Iſ-ra-els Redeemer, Whom thou haſt endeered, Whom thou haſt en-

deered, whom thou haſt endeered, Becom's through thee, of Sinner, Saint and Bleſ-

ſed. of Sinner, Saint and Bleſſed. of Sinner, Saint and Bleſſed. and Bleſſed.

of Sinner, Saint and Bleſ- ſed. of Sinner, Saint and Bleſ- . ſed.

SEAVENTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 143.

Iſten O LORD vnto my Proſtrate PRAYER,
Nor into IVDGMENT with thy Seruant enter:
For who is IVST? The foule infernall TEMPTER
Purſues my SOVLE with Terrors of DESPAYRE.
My hart's all inly Vext. Yet I apply'd mee
To waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obſerued,
But to thy MERCY the Chiefe place reſerued?
Then Shew my SIN, and in thy Seruice guide mee.
Succour mee LORD, Saue mee with expedition,
My SPIRIT fainteth: therefore mine affection,
My MINDE, my SOVLE, I lift (with all Subminſsion)
To thee my LORD, my GOD, and my protection:
Draw mee from DANGER vnder thy Tuition,
For I thy Seruant am by thine Election.

Listen, Listen O Lord vnto my Prostrate prayer: vn-

to my Prostrate prayer: Nor into Iudgment with thy

Seruant enter: For who, O who is Iust? For who, O who is Iust? The

foule In-fernall Tempter, The foule infernall Tempter pursues my Soule with ter-

rors of Despay'r: My hart's all inly vexed, inly vexed. Yet I apply'd me to

waigh thy works, thy wonders I obserued: But to thy Mercy, but to thy

Mercy the Chief place reserued: the chief place reserued: Then Shew my Sin,

then shew my Sin, my Sin, then shew my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me. thy

Seruice guide mee.

Vccour me Lord, Saue me with expediti'on, with expedi-

ti'on, My Spirit fainteth: therefore mine affecti'on, My Spirit

fainteth, fainteth, My Spirit fainteth, fainteth: therefore mine affec- ti'on, My

Minde, my Soule I lift with all Submis- si'on, with all Submissi'on, To thee my

Lord, my God, my God and my Protecti'on: and my Protec- ti'on:

Draw me from Danger, Draw me from Danger vnder thy Tuiti'on; For I thy Seruant

am, For I thy Seruant am by thine Electi'on. by thine Elec- ti'on.

FINIS

TENOR.

MVSICA SACRA: TO Sixe Voyces.

Composed in the Italian tongue

BY

GIOVANNI CROCE.

Newly Englished.

IN LONDON
PRINTED BY THOMAS ESTE,
the assigne of William Barley.
1608.

To the vertuous Louers of *Musicke.*

THese Sonnets, composed first most exquisitely in Italian by Sior. Francesco Bembo a Gentleman of Italie; were so admired of Giouan. Croce, one of the most excellent Musitians of the world; as well for their Poesie, as Pietie (the Substance of them being drawen from those seauen notable Psalmes called Penetentials; indited by that Sweete Singer of Israel, inspired of the holie Spirit) as that hee thought it worthy of his skill in Musicke, to apply them to this Harmonie of Sixe parts; as well to honour their Author and his Composition, as to giue a profitable Delight vnto the vertuous. And my selfe often obseruing the generall applause giuen these Songs when I haue heard them soong, (though somtimes without the words) thought it would be verie gratefull to many of our English louers of Musick, if they were translated, or imitated in our tongue: the rather, because through their want of vnderstanding the Italian, they are depriued of a Chief part of their delight. For albeit that the verie concent of the Note may sweetly strike the outward sence of the eare; yet it is the Dittie, which conuayed with the Musicke to the intellectual Soule, by the Organs of hearing, that doth touch the hart, and stir the affections eyther to Iocondnes, or Sadnes, Leuitie, or Grauitie, according to the nature of the Composition: in which respect (especially) the articulate voice of man excelleth all other voices, and Instruments in the world. Besides I supposed, that the Scarcetie (not onely in our tongue, but in all other vulgars) of Musicke in this kinde, whereby men may be edified and God glorified, would make these the more acceptable; and peraduenture be a motiue to some of our excellent Musitians to dedicate their diuine skill to the Seruice of God, in Songs of this more Sanctified kinde In which respects; and for that I was encouraged thereto by some, Skilfull in this Arte: I haue aduentured to publish these (otherwise destinate to priuacie) vnto the view of the world: Although I am not Ignorant that in this curious age, it is likely to run the ordinary fortune (euen of more exact labours) vpon the Shelues of ridged censure: But the Gentle, will winck at small faults where they spie them: As for the Supercilious Critick if (after he haue compared them with the Originall) he dislike them: he may please him selfe, and doe them all better: But doe Yee accept them with a Serene browe, and vse them to the glory of God, and your laudable and Christian delight.
Fare yee well.

Your well-willer

R. H.

FIRST SONNET

Ex Pſal. 6.

LOrd, in thy wrath reproue mee not ſeuerly,
Nor puniſh me in thy deſeru'd diſpleaſure:
Haue mercy on my Sinns exceeding meaſure,
For full of feares, my Soule is vexed drearly.
Saue it (O Lord) Almightie-moſt Supernall,
Saue it (alas) from the'uer-neuer Dying:
For who in deep Hell (and fierce Torments frying)
Shall ſing thy praiſe, or can extoll th'Eternall?
Long haue I Languiſht in my grieuous Sorrow's,
My Bed and boſome, with my teares I water:
My foes Deſpight hath ploughd my face with furrows.
But (now my Soule) let the vngodly Scatter:
Hence yee wicked, ſith God (ſo gracious for vs)
Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter.

Ord, in thy wrath reproue me not ſeuearly, Lord in thy wrath reproue me not: Lord in thy wrath reproue me not ſeuearly, Nor puniſh me in thy deſeru'd diſpleaſure: Haue mercie on my Sins exceeding mea- ſure: For full of feares, my Soule is vex- ed drear- ly. Saue it O Lord Almightie moſt Supernall, Saue it O Lord Almighrie: Saue it, alas, from th'euer-ne-uer Dying: For who in deep Hell, and fierce Tor- ments frying, Shall ſing thy praiſe, or can extoll th'Eternall? or can extoll, or can extoll th'Eternall?

L Ong haue I Lan- guiſht, Long haue I Languiſht

in my grieuous Sor- row's: My Bed and boſom,

with my tear's I water: My foes Deſpight hath plow'd my face with furrow's:

My foes Deſpight hath plow'd my face with furrow's: hath plow'd my face,

hath plow'd my face with furrow's: But now my Soule, my Soule, let th'ungod-

ly Scat- ter: Hence, hence ye wicked; Sith God ſo gratio'us, Sith God ſo gratio'us,

God ſo gratio'us, God ſo gracio'us for vs: Hath heard my moan, and doth regard

my mat- ter. and doth regard, regard my mat- ter.

SECOND SONNET

Ex Psal. 32.

BLeſſed are they, whoſe faults (ſo oft forbidden)
Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remiſsion:
And they whoſe Sinns (of Act and of Omiſsion)
Are not Imputed, but in mercy hidden.
Therefore my Crime I haue confeſt before thee;
Which graciouſly (my God) thou haſt forgiuen:
The more therefore I Laude thee (King of Heauen)
And all thy Saints ſhall in due time adore thee.
O thou my Refuge, and my Conſolation,
Deliuer me my God which art Almightie:
From Enemies that enuie my Saluation.
A many Rods purſue the Sinner (rightly)
But thoſe that place in thee their expectation,
Grace ſhall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

Leſſed are they, whoſe faults ſo oft forbidden, whoſe faults ſo oft forbidden, Haue free forgiuenes and a full re-miſsi'on : Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remiſsi'on : And they whoſe Sins, And they whoſe Sins, whoſe Sins of Act, and of Omiſsi'on, Are not Imputed, but in mercy hidden. Therfore my Crime, Therfore my Crime I haue confeſt before thee, Which graci'ouſly (my God) thou haſt forgiuen : The more therfore I Laude, thee (King of Heau'n) And all thy Saints ſhall in due time, all thy Saints ſhall in due time, And all thy Saints ſhall in due time adore thee.

Thou my Reſuge and my Conſo-la- ti'on,

my Conſo-la- ti'on, Deliuer me my

God, which art Almightie: which art Almightie: From E- ne-

mies that en- uie my Saluati'on.my Sal- uati'on. A many Rods pur-

ſue the Sin- ner rightly; But thoſe that place in thee their Expectati'on, Grace

ſhall embrace. Grace ſhall embrace. Grace ſhall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vpright-

ly. vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

THIRD SONNET

Ex Pſal. 38.

LOrd, in thine Anger doe no more reprooue me,
Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrows;
For in my fleaſh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows:
Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes moone me.
Sick, in it ſelfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languiſh:
Becauſe my Sins ſo Wholely ouercame mee,
Sorely afflicted, and all humbled am I;
And in my playnt, my hart Roars out for Anguiſh.
My Strength eu'n fail's me, and my Sight hath fled me,
And euery one Endeauours to vndoo mee,
But I as Deaf, the while with Dumbnes ſped me.
In thee I hope (my God) Ah liſten to me:
Ah, Leaue me not (thou that canſt beſt befted me)
Thou my Saluation, and Comfort ſole vnto me.

Ord in thine Anger doe no more reproue me:

Nor in thy Furie multiplie my Sorrow's: For in my

fleash I Feele; in my Fleash I feele thy fearfull Arrows; Thy heauie hand doth vnto

Goodnesse moue me. Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languish; doth

Sigh and Lan- guish: Because my Sins so wholely, because my Sins so wholy

ouercame mee: Sorely afflicted, afflicted, and all humbled am I:

And in my plaint my hart Roars out,

Roars out, Roars out, for an- guish. for an- guish.

Y Strength eu'n fail's, eu'n fail's me, And my Sight, my Sight hath fled me, fled me, hath fled me, fled me: And eu'rie one Endeauours, Endeauours to vndoo me: But I as Deafned, the while with Dumbnes, Dumbnes sped me. In thee I hope (my GOD) Ah listen, listen to me. Ah! Ah Leaue thou me not: Ah Leaue thou me not, Thou, my Saluati'on, thou my Saluati'on, and Comfort sole, and Comfort sole, and Comfort sole, and Comfort sole vnto me, and Comfort sole vnto me. vnto me.

FOVRTH SONNET

Ex Pſal. 51.

Hew mercy Lord on mee moſt haynous Sinner,
And mortifie my Sin ſo grieuous guiltie;
O cleanſe me from it, Purifie me Filthy;
For in thy ſight Lord I am onely Sinner.
In Sin (thou know'ſt) my Sinfull mother bore mee:
But O thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Cittie,
Waſh, waſh my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,
So ſhall no Snowe in whiteneſſe goe before mee.
Giue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;
And of thy Grace, and Face bereaue me neuer;
So ſhall I more adore thy Name and feare it,
And to thy Seruice more and more endeauour:
Sith broken harts (as doth thy Voice auerr it)
Are th'only Sacrifice thou Ioy'ſt in euer.

SHew mercie Lord on me, O Lord on me, most hay-

nous Sinner; And mortifie my Sin, my Sin so grieuous

guiltie: so grieuous guiltie: O cleanse me from it, And Purifie me Fil- thy, me Fil-

thy, and Purifie me Filthy, me Filthy: For in thy Sight Lord I am onely,

onely Sinner. In Sin thou knowest my Sinfull Mother bore me:

Thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Cit- tie: Wash, O wash my Soule

in Lauer of thy pittie; So shall no Snow, no Snow, So shall no

Snow in whitenes goe beefore me. So shall no Snow, no Snow: So

shall no Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe before mee.

Iue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit,

an vntainted Spirit: And of thy Grace and Face bereaue

me neuer : And of thy Grace and Face, And of thy Grace and Face be-

reaue me neuer : So ſhall I more adore thy Name, and feare it : thy Name and

feare it : thy Name and feare, thy Name and feare it : And to thy Seruice

more and more, and more Endeauour : Are th'only Sa-crifice thou Ioy'ſt in

E- uer. Are th'only Sacrifice thou Ioyeſt in Euer. thou Ioyeſt in Euer.

FIFT SONNET

Ex Pſal. 102.

HArken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,
Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger:
My Dayes doe vade as Smoak, my hart in Langor,
Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shu'nſt thou my Complaynings?
Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying:
In ſted of Bread I haue ben fed with Aſhes,
My Drinck my Tears; while I haue felt the Laſhes
Of thy fierce Wrath, for all mine often Crying.
All Kings and Nati'ons ſhall admire thy Glory,
When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendeſt;
It ſhall be Writ in an Eternall Story.
Ah! Leaue me not, Thou, thou that All Defendeſt,
That madeſt All (Heau'n, Earth, and Ocean hoarie)
That neuer didſt Begin, and neuer Endeſt.

Arken Lord vnto mine humble Play- nings,

Hide not thy face for euer in thine Anger: My Dayes

doe vade, doe vade as Smoak, doe vade as Smoak, My hart in Lan- gor, Hyes

(flyes) to thee, why Shun'st thou my Complaynings? my Complaynings? Friends

haue I none, Friends haue I none, now from mee All are flying: In stead of

Bread, I haue ben fed with Ashes: In stead of Bread I haue ben fed with Ashes:

My Drinck my Tear's; While I haue felt the Lashes, Of thy fierce Wrath,

While I haue felt the Lashes, For all, for all mine often Cryings.

ALL Kings and Nati'ons ſhall admi'er, admi'er thy

Glo- ry, When thou the Sighs of th'umble, When

thou the Sighs of humble Soules atten- deſt; It ſhall be Writ in an Eternall

Story. It ſhall bee Writ, It ſhall bee Writ, in an Eternall Storie. in

an Eternall Story. Ah! Leaue me not thou, Thou that All Defendeſt, That

madeſt All, That madeſt All (Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an, Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an

hoarie) That neuer didſt Begin, and neuer En- deſt, and neuer Endeſt.

SIXT SONNET

Ex Pſal. 102.

FRom profound CENTER of my hart I cryed
To thee O Lord, LORD let thine EARE draw neer mee,
To note my MOVRNINGS, and quick-quickly heare mee;
Heare my Sad GRONES, to thy Sweet GRACE applyed.
LORD, if thou looke with RIGOVR downe into Vs,
To mark our SIN, O who ſhall then abide it?
But, if with PARDON thou bee pleas'd to hide it
(If MERCY thou Vouchſafe) What ſhall Vndoo Vs?
Vpon thy WORD my SOVLE hath firmly reared
Her Tower of TRVST, there is my HOPE poſſeſsed;
With thee is MERCY, that thou maiſt bee feared;
MERCY, for thoſe that are in SOVLE depreſsed.
ISRAELS Redeemer, Whom thou haſt endeered
Beecom's through thee, of SINNER, SAINT, and BLESSED.

Rom Profound Center of my hart, to thee I cri'ed, I

cri'ed: to thee I cri'ed O Lord, O Lord, Lord let thine

eare draw neere mee, To note my mourning; To note my mourning; and

quickly heare mee: and quickly heare mee: Heare my Sad Grones to thy Sweet Grace,

To thy Sweet Grace: To thy Sweet Grace apply'ed: Lord, if thou looke with Rigor

down into Vs, to mark our Sins, O who shall then abide it? who shall abide it?

But if thou be pleas'd: But if with pardon thou be pleas'd to hide it,

(If thou Mercy vouchsafe) what shall vndoo Vs? (if thou Mercy vouch-

safe, What shall vndoo Vs? What shall vndoo Vs? What shall vndoo Vs?

Pon thy Word my Soule, hath firmely reared:

hath firmely reared her Tower of Truſt; There is my

Hope poſſeſſed; for with thee is Mercy, that thou maiſt be fea- red; Mer-

cy, for thoſe, that are depreſſed, in Soule depreſſed. Iſ-ra-els Redeemer, Iſ-ra-

els Redeemer: Whom thou haſt endeered, Becom's through thee, of Sinner,

Saint and Bleſſed. of Sinner, Saint and Bleſſed. of Sinner, Saint and Bleſſed.

of Sinner, Saint and Bleſſed. of Sinner, Saint and Bleſſed. and Bleſſed.

SEAVENTH SONNET

Ex Pſal. 143.

Iſten O LORD vnto my Proſtrate PRAYER,
Nor into IVDGMENT with thy Seruant enter:
For who is IVST? The foule infernall TEMPTER
Purſues my SOVLE with Terrors of DESPAYRE.
My hart's all inly Vext. Yet I apply'd mee
To waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obſerued,
But to thy MERCY the Chiefe place reſerued;
Then Shew my SIN, and in thy Seruice guide mee.
Succour mee LORD, Saue mee with expedition;
My SPIRIT fainteth: therefore mine affection,
My MINDE, my SOVLE, I lift (with all Submiſsion)
To thee my LORD, my GOD, and my protection:
Draw mee from DANGER vnder thy Tuition,
For I thy Seruant am by thine Election.

Listen, Listen O Lord vnto my Prostrate prayer, Prostrate

prayer, Nor into Iudgment with thy Seruant enter: For

who, O who is Iust? For who, is Iust? The foule In-fernall Tempter pur-

sues my Soule with terrors, with terrors of Despay'r. My hart's all inly vexed: My

hart's all inly vexed: all inly vexed: Yet I apply'd me to waigh thy Works, thy Wonders

I ob-serued, But to thy Mercy, But to thy Mercy the Chief place reser-

ued: the Chief place reserued: Then Shew my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me. Then

shew my Sin, Then shew my Sin, Then shew my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me.

Vccour me Lord, Saue mee, saue mee with expe-di-

ti'on, with expe-di-ti'on, with expe-di-ti-on, My Spirit

fainteth, My Spirit fainteth, therefore mine affec- ti'on, My

Minde, my Soule I lift, my Minde my Soule I lift with all Submissi'on, To thee my

Lord, my God, my God, and my Protecti'on: my God, and my Protecti'on: Draw me from

Danger vnder thy Tu-i-ti'on; Draw me from Danger, draw me from Danger vnder

thy Tu-i- ti'on; For I thy Seruant am, For I thy Seruant am by thine

by thine Electi'on. by thine Electi'on. by thine. Electi'on.

FINIS.

QVINTVS.

MVSICA SACRA: TO Sixe Voyces.

Composed in the Italian tongue
BY
GIOVANNI CROCE.

Newly Englished.

IN LONDON
PRINTED BY THOMAS ESTE,
the assigne of William Barley.
1608.

Q

To the vertuous Louers of *Musicke.*

THese Sonnets, composed first most exquisitely in Italian by Sior. Francesco Bembo a Gentleman of Italie; were so admired of Giouan. Croce, one of the most excellent Musitians of the world; as well for their Poesie, as Pietie (the Substance of them being drawen from those seauen notable Psalmes called Penetentials; indited by that Sweete Singer of Israel, inspired of the holie Spirit) as that hee thought it worthy of his skill in Musicke, to apply them to this Harmonie of Sixe parts; as well to honour their Author and his Composition, as to giue a profitable Delight vnto the vertuous. And my selfe often obseruing the generall applause giuen these Songs when I haue heard them soong, (though somtimes without the words) thought it would be verie gratefull to many of our English louers of Musick, if they were translated, or imitated in our tongue: the rather, because through their want of vnderstanding the Italian, they are depriued of a Chief part of their delight. For albeit that the verie concent of the Note may sweetly strike the outward sence of the eare; yet it is the Dittie, which conuayed with the Musicke to the intellectual Soule, by the Organs of hearing, that doth touch the hart, and stir the affections eyther to Iocondnes, or Sadnes, Leuitie, or Grauitie, according to the nature of the Composition: in which respect (especially) the articulate voice of man excelleth all other voices, and Instruments in the world. Besides I supposed, that the Scarcetie (not onely in our tongue, but in all other vulgars) of Musicke in this kinde, whereby men may be edified and God glorified, would make these the more acceptable; and peraduenture be a motiue to some of our excellent Musitians to dedicate their diuine skill to the Seruice of God, in Songs of this more Sanctified kinde In which respects; and for that I was encouraged thereto by some, Skilfull in this Arte: I haue aduentured to publish these (otherwise destinate to priuacie) vnto the view of the world: Although I am not Ignorant that in this curious age, it is likely to run the ordinary fortune (euen of more exact labours) vpon the Shelues of ridged censure: But the Gentle, will winck at small faults where they spie them: As for the Supercilious Critick if (after he haue compared them with the Originall) he dislike them: he may please him selfe, and doe them all better: But doe Yee accept them with a Sèrene browe, and vse them to the glory of God, and your Laudable and Christian delight. Fare yee well.

Your well-willer

R. H.

FIRST SONNET

Ex Pſal. 6.

Ord, in thy wrath reproue mee not ſeuearly,
Nor puniſh me in thy deſeru'd diſpleaſure:
Haue mercy on my Sinns exceeding meaſure,
For full of feares, my Soule is vexed drearly.
Saue it (O Lord) Almightie-moſt Supernall,
Saue it (alas) from the'uer-neuer Dying:
For who in deepe Hell (and fierce Torments frying)
Shall ſing thy praiſe, or can extoll th'Eternall?
Long haue I Languiſht in my grieuous Sorrow's,
My bed and boſome, with my teares I water:
My foes Deſpight hath ploughd my face with furrows.
But (now my Soule) let the vngodly Scatter:
Hence yee wicked, ſith God (ſo gracious for vs)
Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter.

LOrd in thy wrath reproue me not ſeuearly, in thy

wrath reproue me not: Lord in thy wrath reproue me not ſe-

uearly: not ſeuearly: Nor puniſh me in thy deſeru'd diſplea-

ſure: Haue mercie, Haue mercy on my Sins exceeding meaſure: For full of

feares, my Soule, is vexed drear- ly. Saue it O Lord Almightie:

Saue it O Lord Almightie, Saue it O Lord Almightie-moſt Supernall: Saue

it alas, from th'euer-neuer Dy- ing: For who in deep Hell, deep Hell, and fierce

Tor- ments frying, Shall ſing thy praiſe, or can extoll th'Eternall? or can ex-

toll th'Eternall? th'Eter- nall?

L

Ong haue I Languiſht in my grieuous Sorrow's: Long haue I Languiſht in my grieuous Sorrow's: in my grieuous Sorrow's: My Bed and boſom, with my tear's I water: My foes Deſpight, hath plow'd my face: My foes Deſpight hath plow'd my face with furrow's: My foes Deſpight hath plow'd my face with furrow's. But now my Soule, my Soule, But now my Soule let th'ungodly, th'ungodly Scatter: Hence, hence ye wicked; Sith God ſo gratio'us for vs, Sith God ſo gratio'us for vs: Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter. and doth regard, regard my matter.

SECOND SONNET

Ex Psal. 32.

BLeſſed are they, whoſe faults (ſo oft forbidden)
Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remiſsion:
And they whoſe Sinns (of Act and of Omiſsion)
Are not Imputed, but in mercy hidden.
Therefore my Crime I haue confeſt before thee;
Which graciouſly (my God) thou haſt forgiuen:
The more therefore I Laude thee (King of Heauen)
And all thy Saints ſhall in due time adore thee.
O thou my Refuge, and my Conſolation,
Deliuer me my God which art Almightie:
From Enemies that enuie my Saluation.
A many Rods purſue the Sinner (rightly)
But thoſe that place in thee their expectation,
Grace ſhall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

Beſſed are they, whoſe faults ſo oft forbid- den, whoſe

faults ſo oft forbidden, Haue free forgiuenes and full

remiſsi'on: Haue free forgiuenes, and full remiſsi'on: And a full remiſsi'on: And

they whoſe Sins of Act, And they whoſe Sins, whoſe Sins of Act, and of Omiſ- ſi'on,

Omiſ- ſi'on; Are not Imputed, but in mercy hid- den. Therfore my

Crime, Therfore my Crime I haue confeſt before thee, Which graci'ouſly (my

God) thou haſt forgiuen: The more therefore I Laude, I Laude thee (King of

Heau'n) In due time adore thee. And all thy Saints ſhall in due time adore thee.

in due time, in due time adore thee.

Thou my Refuge, and my Conſo- la-ti'on,

and my Conſo- lati'on, De-liuer me my God which

art Almightie; De-liuer me my God which art Almigh- tie, From Enemies,

that en-uie my Saluati'on, my Sal- ua- ti'on. A many Rods purſue the Sin-

ner right- ly, But thoſe that place in thee, their Expecta- ti'on, Grace

ſhall embrace. Grace ſhall embrace. Grace ſhall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vp-

rightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

THIRD SONNET

Ex Pſal. 38.

Ord, in thine Anger doe no more reprooue me,
Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrows;
For in my fleaſh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows:
Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes mooue me.
Sick, in it ſelfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languiſh:
Becauſe my Sins ſo Wholely ouercame mee,
Sorely afflicted, and all humbled am I;
And in my playnt, my hart Roars out for Anguiſh.
My Strength eu'n fail's me, and my Sight hath fled me,
And euery one Endeauours to vndoo mee,
But I as Deaf, the while with Dumbnes ſped me.
In thee I hope (my God) Ah liſten to me:
Ah, Leaue me not (thou that canſt beſt beſted me)
Thou my Saluation, and Comfort ſole vnto me.

L Ord in thine Anger doe no more reproue me: Nor

in thy Furie multiplie my Sor- rows, multiplie

my Sor- rows: For in my fleash I Feele, in my Fleash I Feele thy fearfull Arrows:

Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes moue mee. Sick in it selfe my Soule doth

Sigh, and Lan- guish: Because my Sins so wholely ouercame mee: ouer-

came me. Sorely afflicted, afflicted, and all humbled am I; and all humbled

am I; And in my playnt my hart Roars out, Roars

out, Roars out,

for an- guish. for an- guish.

MY Strength eu'n fail's, eu'n fail's me, And my Sight,

my Sight, and my Sight, my Sight hath fled me, fled me,

hath fled me, fled me: And eu'rie one Endeauours to vndoo me: But I as

Deafned, the while with Dumbnes, Dumbnes sped me In thee I hope (my GOD)

Ah listen, Ah, listen to me. Ah listen to mee: Ah! Ah Leaue thou me

not: Ah Leaue thou me not, Thou, my Saluati'on, thou my Saluati'on, and Comfort

sole, and Comfort sole vnto mee. and Comfort sole, and Comfort sole vnto mee.

FOVRTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 51.

Hew mercy Lord on mee moſt haynous Sinner,
And mortifie my Sin ſo grieuous guiltie;
O cleanſe me from it, Purifie me Filthy;
For in thy ſight Lord I am onely Sinner.
In Sin (thou know'ſt) my Sinfull mother bore mee;
But O thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Cittie,
Waſh, waſh my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,
So ſhall no Snowe in whiteneſſe goe before mee.
Giue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;
And of thy Grace, and Face bereaue me neuer;
So ſhall I more adore thy Name and feare it,
And to thy Seruice more and more endeauour:
Sith broken harts (as doth thy Voice auer it)
Are th'only Sacrifice thou Ioy'ſt in euer.

Hew mercie Lord on me, O Lord on me, most haynous

haynous Sinner; And mortifie my Sin, my Sin so

grieuous, grieuous guiltie: O cleanse me from it, And Puri-

fie me Filthy, and Purifie me Fil- thy, and Purifie me Filthy: For in thy

Sight O Lord I am onely Sinner. In Sin thou knowest my Sinfull Mother

bore me: But O thou Guide vnto the heau n- ly Cittie: Wash, O wash

my Soule in Lauer of thy pittie; So shal no Snow, no Snow, in whitenes, So

shall no Snow, no Snow, So shall no Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe before me.

So shall no Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe before mee.

Iue me a cleane hart, an vntainted. an vntainted

Spirit: an vntainted Spirit : And of thy Grace and Face

bereaue me neuer : And of thy Grace and Face bereaue me neuer : bereaue me ne-

uer. So ſhall I more adore thy Name,and feare it : and feare it : thy

Name and feare it : thy Name and feare it : And to thy Seruice more and

more, thy Seruice more and more, and more Endeauour : Are th'only Sa-cri-

fice thou Ioyeſt in E- uer. Are th'only Sacrifice thou Ioyeſt in

E- uer. thou Ioyeſt in E- uer.

FIFT SONNET

Ex Pſal. 102.

HArken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,
Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger:
My Dayes doe vade as Smoak, my hart in Langor,
Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shu'nſt thou my Complaynings?
Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying:
In ſted of Bread I haue ben fed with Aſhes,
My Drinck my Tears; while I haue felt the Laſhes
Of thy fierce Wrath, for all mine often Crying.
All Kings and Nations ſhall admire thy Glory,
When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendeſt;
It ſhall be Writ in an Eternall Story.
Ah! Leaue me not, Thou, thou that All Defendeſt,
That madeſt All (Heau'n, Earth, and Ocean hoarie)
That neuer didſt Begin, and neuer Endeſt.

Arken Lord vnto mine humble Play- nings ;

Hide not thy face for euer, in thine An- ger : My

Dayes doe vade, doe vade as Smoak, My dayes doe vade as Smoak, My hart in Lan-

gor, Hyes (flyes) to thee, why Shun'ſt thou my Com- playnings ? Hyes (flyes)

to thee, why Shun'ſt thou my Complaynings ? Friends haue I none, now from mee

All are fly- ing : In ſtead of Bread, In ſtead of Bread, I haue ben fed I

haue ben fed with Aſhes : My Drinck, my Tear's ; While I haue felt the Laſhes,

Of thy fierce Wrath, For all, for all mine often Cryings.

ALL Kings and Nati'ons, ſhall admi'er,ad-mi-er thy

Glo- ry, When thou the Sighs of humble Soules attendeſt,of

humble Soules, When thou the Sighs of humble Soules attendeſt; It ſhall be

Writ, in an Eternall Sto- rie; It ſhall be Writ, It ſhall be Writ,in an E-

ternall Story. in an Eternall Story. Ah Leaue me not thou; Thou that

All Defen- deſt: That madeſt All, That madeſt All, That madeſt All

(Heau'n,Earth,and Oce'an hoarie, hoa- ry) That neuer didſt Begin, and neuer

En- deſt. and ne- uer En- deſt.

SIXT SONNET

Ex Pſal. 102.

FRom profound CENTER of my hart I cryed
To thee O Lord, LORD let thine EARE draw neer mee,
To note my MOVRNINGS, and quick-quickly heare mee;
Heare my Sad GRONES, to thy Sweet GRACE applyed.
LORD, if thou looke with RIGOVR downe into Vs,
To mark our SIN, O who ſhall then abide it?
But, if with PARDON thou bee pleas'd to hide it
(If MERCY thou Vouchſafe) What ſhall Vndoo Vs?
Vpon thy WORD my SOVLE hath firmly reared
Her Tower of TRVST, there is my HOPE poſſeſsed;
With thee is MERCY, that thou maiſt bee feared;
MERCY, for thoſe that are in SOVLE depreſsed.
ISRAELS Redeemer, Whom thou haſt endeered
Beecom's through thee, of SINNER, SAINT, and BLESSED.

Rom Profound Center of my hart, to thee I cri'ed,

to thee I cri'ed O Lord, O Lord, Lord let thine

eare draw neere me, To note my mourning; and quickly heare me: & quickly heare

me: Heare my Sad Grones to thy Sweet Grace apply'ed. to thy Sweet Grace

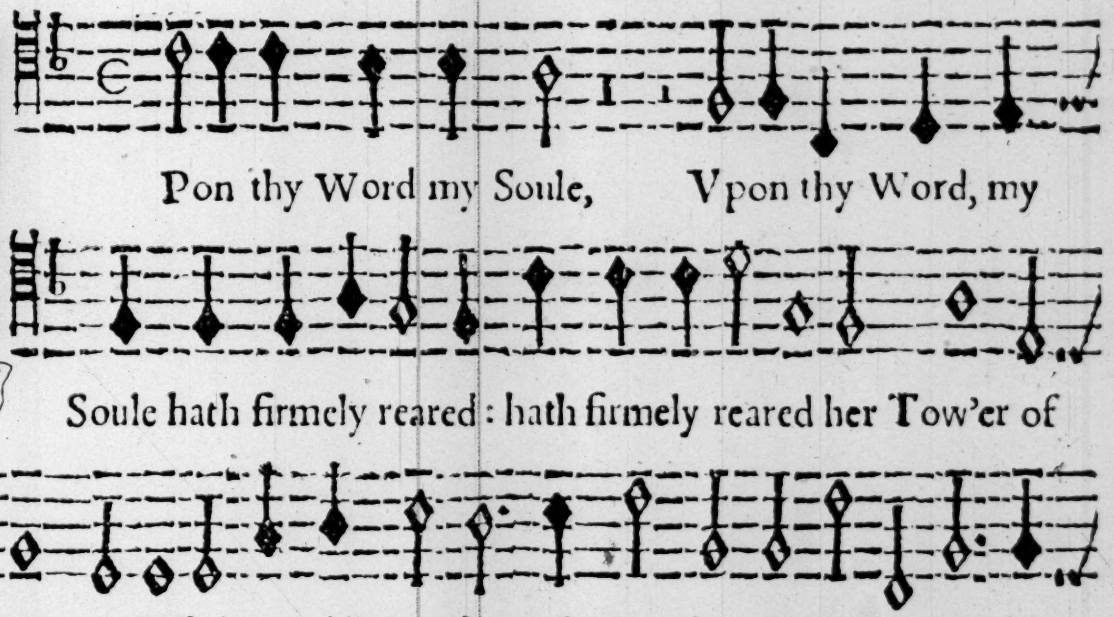
apply'ed. Lord, if thou looke with Rigor down into vs, to mark our Sins, O

who shal then, O who shal then abide, abide it? But if thou be pleas'd, But if thou be

pleas'd, But if with pardon thou bee pleas'd, bee pleas'd to hide it, (if

thou Mercie vouchsafe) What shall vndoo Vs? (if thou Mercy vouchsafe)

What shall vndoo Vs? What shall vndoo Vs? What shall vndoo, vndoo Vs?


Pon thy Word my Soule, Vpon thy Word, my
Soule hath firmely reared: hath firmely reared her Tow'er of
Truſt; Ther is my Hope poſſeſſed; for with thee, for with thee there is Mercy, that thou
maiſt be fea- red; Mercy, for thoſe, that are depreſſed, that are in Soule de-
preſ- ſed. If-ra-els Redeemer, Whom thou haſt endeered, thou
haſt endeered, Becom's through thee, of Sinner, Saint and Bleſſed. of Sinner,
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For I thy Seruant am by thine Election.

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Seruant en- ter: For who, is Iust? For who, O who is Iust? The

foule In-fernall Tempter pursues my Soule with terrors, with terrors of Despay'r.

My hart's all inly vexed, inly vexed, My hart's all inly vexed: Yet I apply'd

me to waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obserued, But to thy Mercy, But to thy

Mercy the Chief place, the Chief place reserued: the Chief place reserued:

Then Shew my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me. Then shew my Sin, shew my Sin,

Then shew my Sin, my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me.

Vccour me Lord, Saue me, Succour me Lord, saue me

with expe-diti'on, with expe-di- ti'on, My Spirit fainteth,

therfore mine affecti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therfore mine affecti'on, My Minde, my

Soule I lift with all Submis- si'on, with all Submissi'on, To thee my Lord, my-

God, my God, my God, and my Protecti'on: and my Protecti'on: Draw

me from Danger vnder thy Tu-i -ti'on; Draw me from Danger, Draw me from Dan-

ger vnder thy Tu- iti'on; For I thy Seruant am, For I thy Seruant am by thine

Electi'on. by thine Electi'on.

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Hence yee wicked, ſith God (ſo gracious for vs)
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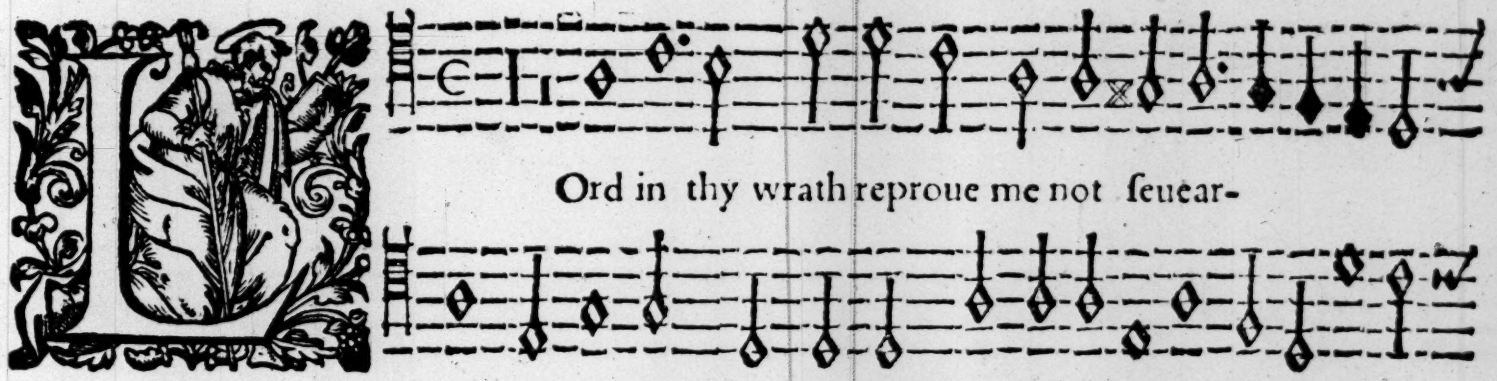


Ord in thy wrath reproue me not ſeuear-

ly, Lord in thy wrath reproue me not ſeuearly, not ſeuearly,

Nor puniſh me in thy deſeru'd diſpleaſure: Haue mercie on my Sins exceeding mea-

ſure: My Sins, exceeding meaſure: For full of feares, my Soule, my Soule

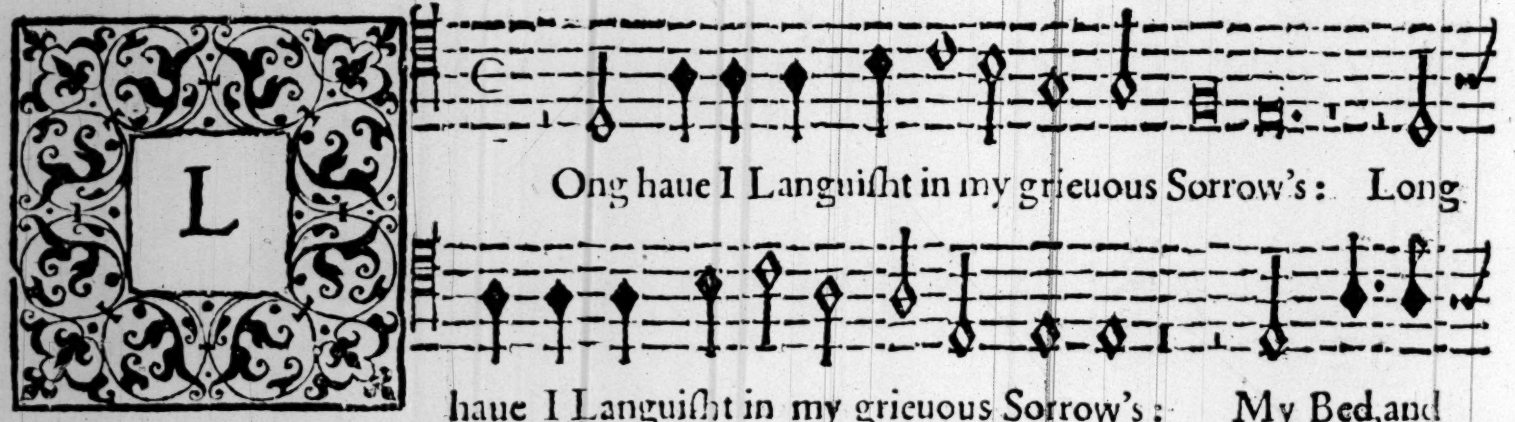
is ve.ed, is vexed drearly. Saue it O Lord Almightie, Saue it O Lord Almightie,

Saue it O Lord Almightie-moſt, Supernall, Saue it, alas, from th'euer-ne-

uer Dying: For who in deep Hell, deep Hell, and fierce Torments frying, Shall

ſing thy praiſe, Shall ſing thy praiſe, or can extoll th'Eternall? th'Eter-

nall?


L
Ong haue I Languiſht in my grieuous Sorrow's : Long
haue I Languiſht in my grieuous Sorrow's : My Bed, and
boſom, with my tear's I water : My foes Deſpight, My foes Deſpight,
My foes Deſpight hath plow'd my face with fur- row's, But now my
Soule; my Soule let th'ungodly Scatter : Hence, hence ye wicked; Sith God ſo gratio'us
for vs, Sith God ſo gratio'us, God ſo gratio'us for vs : Hath heard my moan, and doth
regard my matter. and doth regard, my matter.

SECOND SONNET

Ex Pſal. 32.

BLeſſed are they, whoſe faults (ſo oft forbidden)
Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remiſsion:
And they whoſe Sinns (of Act and of Omiſsion)
Are not Imputed, but in mercy hidden.
Therefore my Crime I haue confeſt before thee;
Which graciouſly (my God) thou haſt forgiuen:
The more therefore I Laude thee (King of Heauen)
And all thy Saints ſhall in due time adore thee.
O thou my Refuge, and my Conſolation,
Deliuer me my God which art Almightie:
From Enemies that enuie my Saluation.
A many Rods purſue the Sinner (rightly)
But thoſe that place in thee their expectation,
Grace ſhall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

Leſſed are they, whoſe faults ſo oft forbidden, Haue

free forgiuenes and a full remiſsi'on : a full remiſsi'on :

And a full remiſsi'on : re- miſsi'on : And they whoſe Sins, they whoſe Sins of Act,

And they whoſe Sins, whoſe Sins of Act, and of Omiſ- ſi'on, are not Imputed,

but in mercy hidden. Therfore my Crime I haue confeſt before thee, Which gra-

ci'ouſly (my God) thou haſt forgiuen: The more therefore I Laude thee (King of

Heau'n) thee King of Heau'n, And all thy Saints ſhall in due time a-

dore thee, due time adore thee. All thy Saints ſhall in due time adore

thee. in due time adore, adore thee.

Thou my Refuge and Conſo-la-

ti'on, and my Conſo-lati'on, Deliuer me my God,

Deliuer me my God which art Almightie: From Enemies that enuie

my Saluati'on. my Sal- uati'on, A many Rods purſue the Sinner right-

ly; But thoſe that place in thee their Expecta- ti'on, Grace ſhall em-

brace. Grace ſhall embrace. Grace ſhall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

Ioy yee that walk vprightly. vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

THIRD SONNET

Ex Pſal. 38.

LOrd, in thine Anger doe no more reprooue me,
Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrows;
For in my fleaſh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows:
Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes mooue me.
Sick, in it ſelfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languiſh:
Becauſe my Sins ſo Wholely ouercame mee,
Sorely afflicted, and all humbled am I;
And in my playnt, my hart Roars out for Anguiſh.
My Strength eu'n fail's me, and my Sight hath fled me,
And euery one Endeauours to vndoo mee,
But I as Deaf, the while with Dumbnes ſped me.
In thee I hope (my God) Ah liſten to me:
Ah, Leaue me not (thou that canſt beſt beſted me)
Thou my Saluation, and Comfort ſole vnto me.

LOrd in thine Anger doe no more reproue me : Nor

in thy Furie multiplie my Sorrow's, multiplie my Sorrow's :

For in my Fleash I feele; For in my Fleash I feele thy fearfull Arrows; Thy hea-

uie hand doth vnto Goodnesse moue me. Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth

Sigh and Languish; doth Sigh and Languish: and Languish; Because my

Sins so wholely ouercame mee: Sorely afflicted, afflicted, afflicted, and all

humbled am I: And in my plaint my hart Roars

out, Roars out

for an- guish. for an- guish.

MY Strength eu'n fail's, eu'n fail's me, And my Sight,

my Sight hath fled me, fled me, hath fled me, fled me:

And eu'rie one Endeauours to vn- doo me: But I as Deafned, the while

with Dumbnes, Dumbnes sped me. In thee I hope (my GOD) Ah listen, to

mee: Ah, listen to mee. Ah! Ah Leaue thou me not: Ah Leaue thou me not,

Thou, my Salua- ti'on, thou my Salua- ti'on, and Comfort sole,

and Comfort sole, and Comfort sole, and Comfort sole vnto mee. and Comfort

sole, and Comfort sole vnto mee.

FOVRTH SONNET

Ex Pſal. 51.

Hew mercy Lord on mee moſt haynous Sinner,
And mortifie my Sin ſo grieuous guiltie;
O cleanſe me from it, Purifie me Filthy;
For in thy ſight Lord I am onely Sinner.
In Sin (thou know'ſt) my Sinfull mother bore mee:
But O thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Cittie,
Waſh, waſh my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,
So ſhall no Snowe in whiteneſſe goe before mee.
Giue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;
And of thy Grace, and Face bereaue me neuer;
So ſhall I more adore thy Name and feare it,
And to thy Seruice more and more endeauour:
Sith broken harts (as doth thy Voice auer it)
Are th'only Sacrifice thou Ioy'ſt in euer.

Hew mercie Lord on me, O Lord on me, moſt haynous

Sinner; And mortifie my Sin, my Sin ſo grieuous guiltie:

grieuous guiltie: And Purifie me Filthy, and Purifie me Filthy, and Purifie me Fil-

thy, and Purifie me Filthy: For in thy ſight O Lord I am onely Sin-

ner. In Sin thou knoweſt my Sinfull Mother bore me: But O thou

Guide vnto the heau'nly the heau'nly Cittie: Waſh, waſh my Soule in Lauer

of thy pittie; So ſhall no Snow, no Snow, So ſhall no Snow, no Snow, So

ſhall no Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe before me. So ſhall no Snow, no Snow in

white- nes goe before mee.

Iue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit: an

vntainted an vntainted Spirit: And of thy Grace and

Face, bereaue me neuer: And of thy Grace and Face bereaue me neuer: So ſhall I

more adore, So ſhall I more adore thy Name, and feare it: thy Name, and

feare it: thy Name and feare it: And to thy Seruice more and

more, thy Seruice more and more, and more Endeauour: Sith broken harts as

doth thy voyce auer it: Sith broken harts as doth thy voyce auer it, Are th'only

Sacrifice, thou Ioyeſt in Euer. thou Ioyeſt in E- uer.

FIFT SONNET

Ex Pſal. 102.

HArken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,
Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger:
My Dayes doe vade as Smoak, my hart in Langor,
Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shu'nſt thou my Complaynings?
Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying:
In ſted of Bread I haue ben fed with Aſhes,
My Drinck my Tears; while I haue felt the Laſhes
Of thy fierce Wrath, for all mine often Crying.
All Kings and Nations ſhall admire thy Glory,
When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendeſt;
It ſhall be Writ in an Eternall Story.
Ah! Leaue me not, Thou, thou that All Defendeſt,
That madeſt All (Heau'n, Earth, and Ocean hoarie)
That neuer didſt Begin, and neuer Endeſt.

Ai ken Lord vnto mine humble, mine humble Play-

nings; Hide not thy face for euer, for euer, in thine Anger: My

Dayes doe vade, doe vade, doe vade as Smoak, as Smoak, My hart in Lan-

gor, Hyes (flyes) to thee, why Shun'ſt thou my Complay- nings?

Friends haue I none, Friends haue I none, now from mee All are fly- ing: In

ſtead of Bread, I haue ben fed with Aſhes, In ſtead of Bread, I haue ben fed with

A- ſhes, My Drinck, my Tear's; While I haue felt the Laſhes, Of thy

fierce Wrath, For all mine often Cryings.

LL Kings and Nati'ons ſhall admi'er, admi'er thy

Glo- ry, When thou the Sighs of humble Soules at-

tendeſt; It ſhall be Writ, It ſhall bee Writ, It ſhall

bee Writ, It ſhall be Writ in an Eternall Sto- rie. Ah! Leaue me

not thou, Thou that All Defen- deſt, That madeſt All, That madeſt All

(Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an, and Oce'an hoarie) That neuer didſt Begin, and

neuer Endeſt, and neuer Endeſt.

SIXT SONNET

Ex Pſal. 102.

FRom profound CENTER of my hart I cryed
To thee O Lord, LORD let thine EARE draw neer mee,
To note my MOVRNINGS, and quick-quickly heare mee;
Heare my Sad GRONES, to thy Sweet GRACE applyed.
LORD, if thou looke with RIGOVR downe into Vs,
To mark our SIN, O who ſhall then abide it?
But, if with PARDON thou bee pleas'd to hide it
(If MERCY thou Vouchſafe) What ſhall Vndoo Vs?
Vpon thy WORD my SOVLE hath firmly reared
Her Tower of TRVST, there is my HOPE poſſeſsed;
With thee is MERCY, that thou maiſt bee feared;
MERCY, for thoſe that are in SOVLE depreſsed,
ISRAELS Redeemer, Whom thou haſt endeered
Beecom's through thee, of SINNER, SAINT and BLESSED.

Rom Profound Center of my hart, of my hart to thee I

cri'ed, to thee I cri'ed O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, Lord

let thine eare draw neere mee, To note my mourning; and quickly heare

mee: and quickly heare mee: Heare my Sad Grones to thy Sweet Grace, ap-

plyed: Lord if thou looke with Rigor down into Vs, to mark our Sins, O

who shall then abide it? O who shall then abide, abide it? But if thou bee

pleas'd: But if with pardon thou be pleas'd to hide it, be pleas'd to hide it (If thou Mer-

cy vouchsafe, if thou Mercy vouchsafe) what shal vndoo Vs? (if thou Mer-

cy vouchsafe, what shall vndoo vs? what shall vndoo Vs?

Pon thy Word my Soule, hath firmely reared: hath firmely reared her Tow'er of Truſt; there is my Hope, there is my Hope poſ- ſeſſed; for with thee, with thee is Mercy, that thou maiſt be fea- red; Mercy for thoſe, that are in Soule depreſſed: in Soule depreſſed: If-ra- els Redeemer, Whom thou haſt endeered, thou haſt endeered, Becom's through thee, of Sinner, Saint and Bleſſed. of Sinner, Saint and Bleſſed. of Sinner, Saint, of Sinner, Saint & Bleſſed. of Sinner, Saint & Bleſſed. of Sinner, Saint and Bleſſed.

SEAVENTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 143.

Isten O LORD vnto my Proſtrate PRAYER,
Nor into IVDGMENT with thy Seruant enter:
For who is IVST? The foule infernall TEMPTER
Purſues my SOVLE with Terrors of DESPAYRE.
My hart's all inly Vext. Yet I apply'd mee
To waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obſerued,
But to thy MERCY the Chiefe place reſerued?
Then Shew my SIN, and in thy Seruice guide mee.
Succour mee LORD, Saue mee with expedition,
My SPIRIT fainteth: therefore mine affection,
My MINDE, my SOVLE, I lift (with all Submiſsion)
To thee my LORD, my GOD, and my protection:
Draw mee from DANGER vnder thy Tuition,
For I thy Seruant am by thine Election.

Listen, Listen O Lord, Listen, Listen O Lord vnto my

Prostrate pray- er: Nor into Iudgment with thy

Seruant enter: For who, O who is Iust? The foule In-fernall Tempter pur-

sues my Soule with terrors, terrors of Despay'r: My hart's all inly vexed, My

hart's all inly vexed, my hart's all inly vexed, vexed. Yet I apply'd me to

waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obser- ued: But to thy Mercy, but to thy

Mer- cy the Chief place reserued: the Chief place reserued: Then Shew my

Sin, my Sin, Then shew my Sin, Then shew my Sin, my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me.

Vccour me Lord, Saue me, saue me with expe-

diti'on, with expe-diti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therefore

mine affec- ti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therfore mine affecti'on, My Minde, my

Soule I lift with all Submissi'on: with all Submissi'on, To thee my Lord, my

God, my God and my Protecti'on: my God and my Protecti'on: Draw me from

Danger vnder thy Tu-i-ti'on; For I thy Seruant am, For I thy Seruant am by

thine Electi'on. by thine Electi'on. by thine Elec- ti'on. E- lecti'on.

FINIS.

BASSVS.

MVSICA SACRA:
TO
Sixe Voyces.

Composed in the Italian tongue
BY
GIOVANNI CROCE.

Newly Englished.

IN LONDON
PRINTED BY THOMAS ESTE,
the assigne of William Barley.
1608.

To the vertuous Louers of *Musicke.*

THese Sonnets, composed first most exquisitely in Italian by Sior. Francesco Bembo *a Gentleman of Italie; were so admired of* Giouan. Croce, *one of the most excellent Musitians of the world; as well for their Poesie, as Pietie (the Substance of them being drawen from those seauen notable Psalmes called Penetentials; indited by that Sweete Singer of Israel, inspired of the holie Spirit) as that hee thought it worthy of his skill in Musicke, to apply them to this Harmonie of Sixe parts; as well to honour their Author and his Composition, as to giue a profitable Delight vnto the vertuous. And my selfe often obseruing the generall applause giuen these Songs when I haue heard them soong, (though somtimes without the words) thought it would be verie gratefull to many of our Englisb louers of Musick, if they were translated, or imitated in our tongue: the rather, because through their want of vnderstanding the Italian, they are depriued of a Chief part of their delight. For albeit that the verie concent of the Note may sweetly strike the outward sence of the eare; yet it is the Dittie, which conuayed with the Musicke to the intellectual Soule, by the Organs of hearing, that doth touch the hart, and stir the affections eyther to Iocondnes, or Sadnes, Leuitie, or Grauitie, according to the nature of the Composition: in which respect (especially) the articulate voice of man excelleth all other voices, and Instruments in the world. Besides I supposed, that the Scarcetie (not onely in our tongue, but in all other vulgars) of Musicke in this kinde, whereby men may be edified and God glorified, would make these the more acceptable; and peraduenture be a motiue to some of our excellent Musitians to dedicate their diuine skill to the Seruice of God, in Songs of this more Sanctified kinde In which respects; and for that I was encouraged thereto by some, Skilfull in this Arte: I haue aduentured to publish these (otherwise destinate to priuacie) vnto the view of the world: Although I am not Ignorant that in this curious age, it is likely to run the ordinary fortune (euen of more exact labours) vpon the Shelues of ridged censure: But the Gentle, will winck at small faults where they spie them: As for the Supercilious Critick if (after he haue compared them with the Originall) he dislike them: he may please him selfe, and doe them all better: But doe Yee accept them with a Serene browe, and vse them to the glory of God, and your Laudable and Christian delight. Fare yee well.*

Your well-willer

R. H.

FIRST SONNET

Ex Pſal. 6.

LOrd, in thy wrath reproue mee not ſeuearly,
Nor puniſh me in thy deſeru'd diſpleaſure:
Haue mercy on my Sinns exceeding meaſure,
For full of feares, my Soule is vexed drearly.
Saue it (O Lord) Almightie-moſt Supernall,
Saue it (alas) from the'uer-neuer Dying:
For who in deep Hell (and fierce Torments frying)
Shall ſing thy praiſe, or can extoll th'Eternall?
Long haue I Languiſht in my grieuous Sorrow's,
My Bed and boſome, with my teares I water:
My foes Deſpight hath ploughd my face with furrows.
But (now my Soule) let the vngodly Scatter:
Hence yee wicked, ſith God (ſo gracious for vs)
Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter.

Ord in thy wrath reproue me not seuearly, Lord in thy

wrath reproue me not seuear- ly: Nor punish me

in thy deseru'd displeasure: Haue mercie, on my Sins exceeding measure: My

Sins exceeding measure: For full of feares, my Soule, is vex- ed drearly.

Saue it O Lord Almightie-most Supernall: Saue it O Lord Almightie-most Su-

pernall: Saue it alas, from th'euer-neuer Dying: For who in deep Hell, and fierce

Tor- ments frying, Shall sing thy praise, or can extoll th'Eternall? or can ex-

toll, ex- toll th'Eternall?

L Ong haue I Languiſht in my grieuous Sorrow's : my

grieuous Sorrow's : my grieuous Sorrow's : My Bed and boſom

with my tear's I water : My foes Deſpight hath plow'd my face with furrow's :

My foes Deſpight hath plow'd my face with furrow's : my face with furrow's :

But now my Soule, my Soule, let th'ungod- ly Scatter : Hence,

hence ye wicked; Sith God ſo gratio'us for vs : Sith God ſo gratio'us, God ſo gratio'us for

vs : Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter. and doth regard my matter.

SECOND SONNET

Ex Pſal. 32.

BLeſſed are they, whoſe faults (ſo oft forbidden)
Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remiſsion:
And they whoſe Sinns (of Act and of Omiſsion)
Are not Imputed, but in mercy hidden.
Therefore my Crime I haue confeſt before thee;
Which graciouſly (my God) thou haſt forgiuen:
The more therefore I Laude thee (King of Heauen),
And all thy Saints ſhall in due time adore thee.
O thou my Refuge, and my Conſolation,
Deliuer me my God which art Almightie:
From Enemies that enuie my Saluation.
A many Rods purſue the Sinner (rightly)
But thoſe that place in thee their expectation,
Grace ſhall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

Leſſed are they, whoſe faults ſo oft forbidden, whoſe

faults ſo oft forbidden, Haue free forgiuenes and a full re-

miſsi'on : Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remiſsi'on : And they whoſe Sins,

whoſe Sins, of Act, and of Omiſsi'on : And of Omiſsi'on : Are not Imputed, but in

mercy hidden. Therfore my Crime I haue confeſt before thee, Which graci'ouſly

(my God) thou haſt forgiuen : The more therfore I Laude, thee (King of

Heau'n) The more therfore I Laude thee (King of Heau'n) And all thy Saints ſhall in

due time, a- dore thee in due time, adore thee, in due time, adore thee.

Thou my Refuge,and Conſola- ti'on, and

Conſo-la- ti'on, and Conſo-la- tion, De-

liuer me my God which art Almightie; De-liuer me my God which art Almigh-

tie, From Enemies,that enuie my Saluati'on, my Sal- uati'on. A many

Rods purſue the Sinner rightly, But thoſe that place in thee, their Expecta-

ti'on, Grace ſhall embrace. Grace ſhall embrace. Grace ſhall embrace. Ioy

yee that walk vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

THIRD SONNET

Ex Pſal. 38.

LOrd, in thine Anger doe no more reprooue me,
Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrows;
For in my fleaſh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows:
Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes mooue me.
Sick, in it ſelfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languiſh:
Becauſe my Sins ſo Wholely ouercame mee,
Sorely afflicted, and all humbled am I;
And in my playnt, my hart Roars out for Anguiſh.
My Strength eu'n fail's me, and my Sight hath fled me,
And euery one Endeauours to vndoo mee,
But I as Deaf, the while with Dumbnes ſped me.
In thee I hope (my God) Ah liſten to me:
Ah, Leaue me not (thou that canſt beſt beſted me)
Thou my Saluation, and Comfort ſole vnto me.

Ord in thine Anger doe no more reproue me: Nor

in thy Furie multiplie my Sorrows: For in my fleash I

Feele: For in my Fleash I Feele thy fearfull Arrows: Thy heauie hand doth vnto

Goodnes moue mee. Sick in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh, and Lan- guish: doth

Sigh and Languish: Because my Sins so wholely ouercame mee. Sore-

ly afflicted, afflicted, and all humbled am I; And in my playnt my hart Roars

out, Roars out;

Roars out for an- guish. for an- guish.

MY Strength eu'n fail's, eu'n fail's me, And my Sight,

my Sight hath fled me, fled me, hath fled me, fled me:

And eu'rie one Endeauours, to vndoo me: But I as Deafned, the while

with Dumbnes, Dumbnes sped me. In thee I hope (my GOD) Ah listen,

Ah, listen to me. Ah! Ah Leaue thou me not: Ah Leaue thou me not, Thou,

my Saluati'on, thou my Saluati-on, and Comfort sole, vnto me. and Comfort sole vn-

to me. and Comfort sole vnto me.

FOVRTH SONNET

Ex Pſal. 51.

SHew mercy Lord on mee moſt haynous Sinner,
And mortifie my Sin ſo grieuous guiltie;
O cleanſe me from it, Purifie me Filthy;
For in thy ſight Lord I am onely Sinner.
In Sin (thou know'ſt) my Sinfull mother bore mee:
But O thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Cittie,
Waſh, waſh my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,
So ſhall no Snowe in whiteneſſe goe before mee.
Giue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;
And of thy Grace, and Face bereaue me neuer;
So ſhall I more adore thy Name and feare it,
And to thy Seruice more and more endeauour:
Sith broken harts (as doth thy Voice auerr it)
Are th'only Sacrifice thou Ioy'ſt in euer.

Hew mercie Lord on me, O Lord on me moſt haynous

Sinner; And mortifie my Sin, my Sin ſo grieuous guiltie: O

cleanſe me from it, And Purifie me Fil- thy, and Purifie me Filthy,

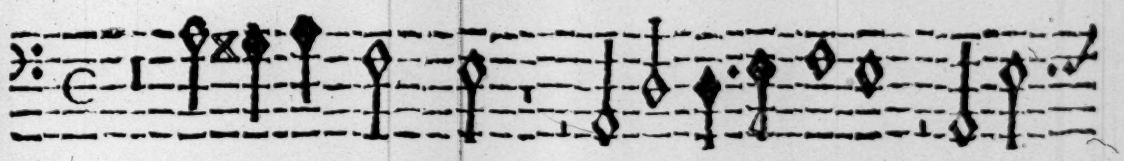
For in thy Sight O Lord I am onely Sinner. In Sin thou knoweſt my

Sinfull Mother bore me: But O thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Cit- tie:

Waſh, waſh my Soule in Lauer of thy pittie; So ſhall no Snow, no Snow, in

whitenes, in whitenes goe before me. So ſhall no Snow, no Snow in

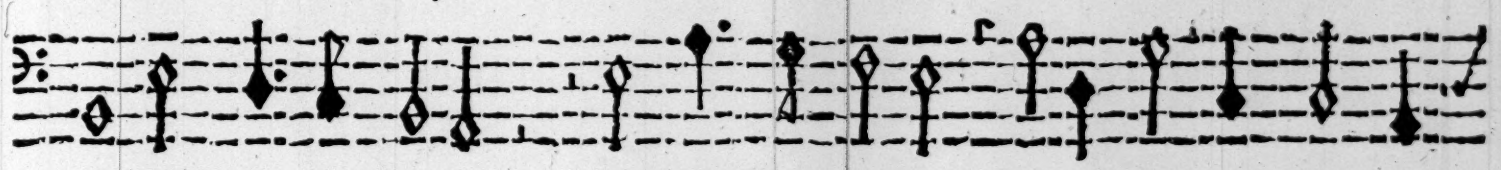
whitenes goe before mee.



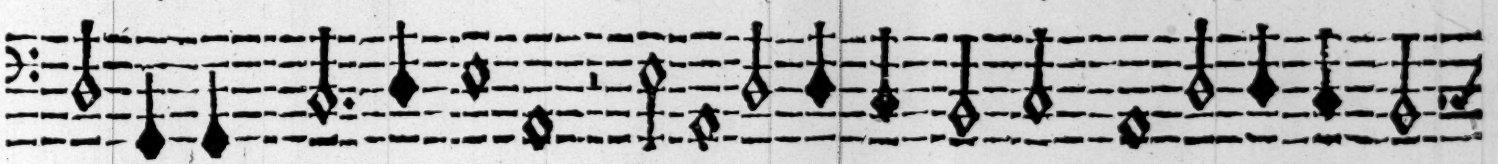
Iue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit, an vn-

tainted Spirit: And of thy Grace and Face bereaue me

neuer; And of thy Grace and Face bereaue me neuer: So ſhall I more a-

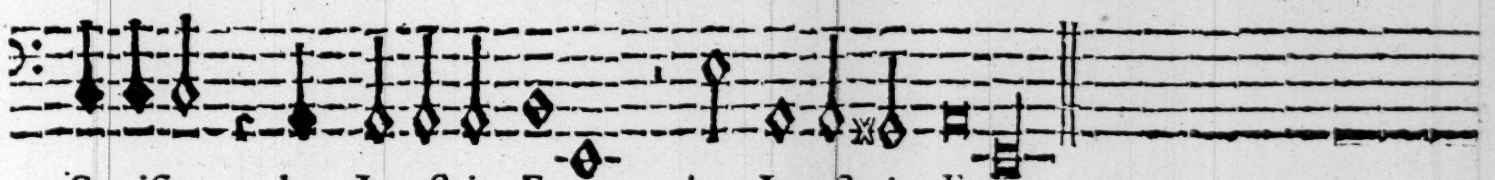


dore thy Name, and feare it: thy Name and feare it: thy Name, thy Name and



feare it: thy Name and feare it: And to thy Seruice more and more, thy Seruice more

and more Endeauour: Are th'only Sa-crifice thou Ioy'ſt in Euer. Are th'only

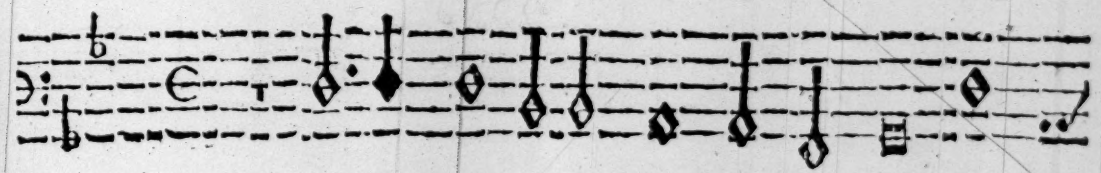


Sacrifice thou Ioyeſt in Euer. thou Ioyeſt in Euer.

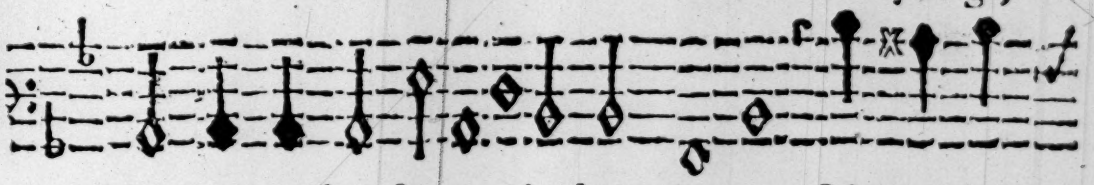
FIFT SONNET

Ex Pſal. 102.

HArken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,
Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger:
My Dayes doe vade as Smoak, my hart in Langor,
Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shu'nſt thou my Complaynings?
Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying:
In ſted of Bread I haue ben fed with Aſhes,
My Drinck my Tears; while I haue felt the Laſhes
Of thy fierce Wrath, for all mine often Crying.
All Kings and Nati'ons ſhall admire thy Glory,
When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendeſt;
It ſhall be Writ in an Eternall Story.
Ah! Leaue me not, Thou, thou that All Defendeſt,
That madeſt All (Heau'n, Earth, and Ocean hoarie)
That neuer didſt Begin, and neuer Endeſt.



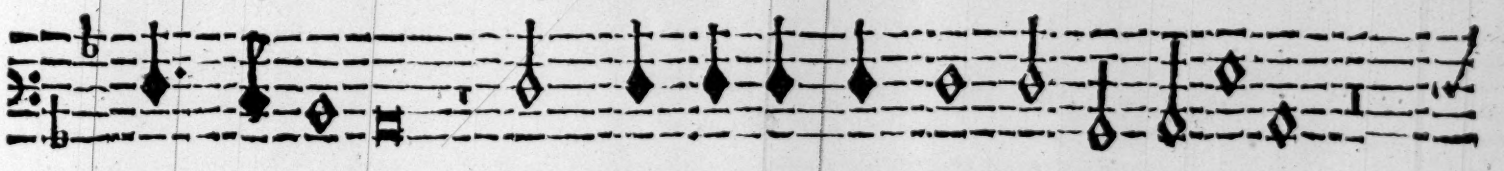
Arken Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,



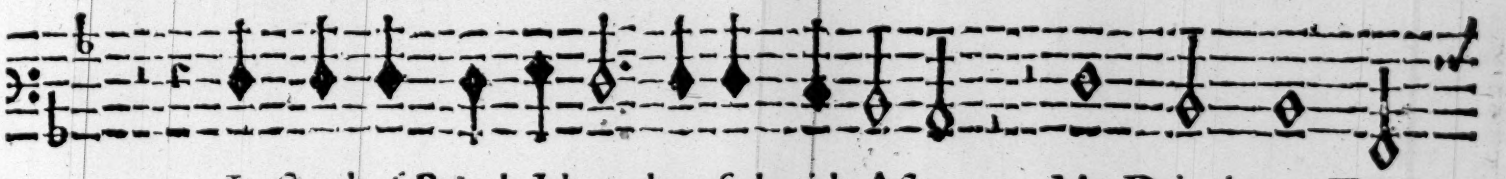
Hide not thy face for euer in thine Anger: My Dayes

doe vade, doe vade as Smoak, as Smoak, My hart in Langor, Hyes (flyes) to

thee, Why Shun'st thou my Complaynings? Hyes (flyes) to thee, why shun'st thou



my Complaynings? Friends haue I none, now from mee All are flying:



In stead of Brèad, I haue ben fed with Ashes: My Drinck my Tear's;

While I haue felt the Lashes, Of thy fierce Wrath, For all mine often Cryings.

ALL Kings and Nati'ons, ſhall admi'er, admi-er

thy Glo- ry, When thou the Sighs, the Sighs of humble

Soules attendeſt; It ſhal be Writ, in an Eternall Sto- rie; It ſhall be

Writ, It ſhall be Writ, in an Eternall Story. in an Eternall Story. Ah Leaue

me not thou; Thou that All Defendeſt: That madeſt All, That madeſt All,

(Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an, and Oce'an hoary) That neuer didſt Begin, and neuer

Endeſt. and neuer Endeſt.

SIXT SONNET

Ex Pſal. 102.

FRom profound CENTER of my hart I cryed
To thee O Lord, LORD let thine EARE draw neer mee,
To note my MOVRNINGS, and quick-quickly heare mee;
Heare my Sad GRONES, to thy Sweet GRACE applyed.
LORD, if thou looke with RIGOVR downe into Vs,
To mark our SIN, O who ſhall then abide it?
But, if with PARDON thou bee pleas'd to hide it
(If MERCY thou Vouchſafe) What ſhall Vndoo Vs?
Vpon thy WORD my SOVLE hath firmly reared
Her Tower of TRVST, there is my HOPE poſſeſsed;
With thee is MERCY, that thou maiſt bee feared;
MERCY, for thoſe that are in SOVLE depreſsed.
ISRAELS Redeemer, Whom thou haſt endeered
Beecom's through thee, of SINNER, SAINT, and BLESSED.

Rom Profound Center of my hart, to thee I cri'ed,

to thee I cri'ed O Lord, Lord let thine eare draw neere me,

To note my mourning; To note my mourning, and quickly heare mee: and

quickly heare mee: Heare my Sad Grones to thy Sweet Grace applyed. to thy

Sweet Grace apply'ed. Lord, if thou looke with Rigor down into vs, to mark our

Sins, O who ſhall then abide it? abide it? But if thou be pleaſed, But if with pardon

thou be pleas'd to hide it, (if thou Mercie vouchſafe, if thou Mercy vouch-

ſafe) What ſhal vndoo vs? what ſhal vndoo vs? what ſhal vndoo vs? what ſhall vndoo vs?

Pon thy Word my Soule, hath firmely reared: hath

firmely reared: hath firmely reared her Tower of Truſt;

There is my Hope poſſeſſed; For with thee is Mercy, that thou maiſt be feared;

Mercy, for thoſe in Soule depreſſed. in Soule depreſſed, Iſ-ra-els Redeemer,

Iſ-ra-els Redeemer: Whom thou haſt endeered, Becom's through thee, of

Sinner, Saint and Bleſſed. and Bleſſed. of Sinner, Saint and Bleſſed. and Bleſſed.

of Sinner, Saint and Bleſſed. of Sinner, Saint and Bleſſed.

SEAVENTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 143.

Isten O Lord vnto my Prostrate Prayer,
Nor into Iudgment with thy Seruant enter:
For who is Iust? The foule infernall Tempter
Pursues my Soule with Terrors of Despayre.
My hart's all inly Vext. Yet I apply'd mee
To waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obserued,
But to thy Mercy the Chiefe place reserued;
Then Shew my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide mee.
Succour mee Lord, Saue mee with expedition;
My Spirit fainteth: therefore mine affection,
My Minde, my Soule, I lift (with all Submission)
To thee my Lord, my God, and my protection:
Draw mee from Danger vnder thy Tuition,
For I thy Seruant am by thine Election.

Listen, Listen O Lord vnto my Prostrate prayer, Nor

into Iudgment with thy Seruant enter : For who, O who

is Iust? For who, O who is Iust? The foule In-fernall Tempter pursues my

Soule with terrors, with terrors of Despay'r. My hart's all inly vexed: My hart's all inly

vexed: all inly vexed: Yet I apply'd me to waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I ob-

serued, But to thy Mercy, But to thy Mercy the Chief place reserued: the

Chief place, the Chief place reserued: Then Shew my Sin, my Sin, Then shew my Sin,

Then shew my Sin, my Sin, Then shew my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me.

Vccour me Lord, Saue mee, saue mee with expe-

diti'on, with expe-di-ti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therfore mine af-

fecti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therefore mine affecti'on, My Minde, my Soule I

lift with all Submissi'on, To thee my Lord, my God, my God, and my Protec-

ti'on: and my Protecti'on: Draw me from Danger vnder thy Tu-i-ti'on; Draw me from

Danger vnder thy Tu- i-ti'on; For I thy Seruant am, For I thy Seruant am by

thine Electi'on. by thine, by thine Electi'on. by thine Electi'on.

FINIS.